Jos. D. Armitage

The Bucks County Gazette.

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Philadelphia.

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Country Stores supplied with
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OYSTER BAY,
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Does Three Men's Work.
No cold or sore fingers. Can be used with or without gloves or mittens.—TAKEN 6 PREMIUMS—One sample, 25 cts.; two for 45 cts., 5 for $1.00. City Novelty Co.
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78 Catalogue free. Agents wanted.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.
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IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A PRESENT
That will be useful, give a NICKLE-PLATED
READING LAMP,
Or one of our celebrated Library Lamps. If you do not know what to give, come here and you will find 1,000 Useful and Ornamental Articles in Solid Silver, Triple Plate, French Bronzes, Bohemian Glass and Parian Marble.
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MANSFIELD & BAIRD,
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GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS,
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Bought and sold on Commission.
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$777 IS not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 744

WANTED MEN. 18 elegant Oil Chromos, 2¼ ft. long, and 18 choice pieces of music free, a 16 page paper beautifully illustrated. Mr. Burger earned $56 in two days. Agents average $17 daily. Address, INTERNATIONAL SCRAP BOOK, Philadelphia. 40

Bristol.

J. Wesley Wright,
NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,
Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Begs leave to announce to his many friends and patrons, that he is now ready to commence the

1877. FALL CAMPAIGN. 1877.

Having just received a large invoice of CHOICE FABRICS, suitable for this season's wear.

Comprising some of the Latest Novelties in

Dress Goods
AT VERY LOW PRICES!

BLACK ALPACAS, MERINOES AND CASHMERES.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.
Black Alpacas, Merinoes and Cashmeres.

Black Cashmere at 40c. yard.
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Black Alpaca, (good) at 25c. yard.
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Large variety of Latest Novelties and Shades in Dress Goods, from 20c. to 50c. yard.

A LARGE LINE OF DOMESTICS.

Muslins and Calicoes.
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,
MUSLINS AND CALICOES,

By the yard or piece, at very low prices.

Good Cotton Flannels, at 8c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 10c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 12½c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 15c. yard.
Good Cotton Flannels, at 18c. yard.

BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.
BLANKETS, QUILTS & COMFORTABLES.

Our stock of
WHITE WOOL BLANKETS,
Finer than ever before, at prices that cannot fail to suit.

WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
WOOLENS! WOOLENS!
For Men's and Boy's Wear.

LADIES' CLOAKING in large variety.
WATER PROOFS in Black, Brown and Blue.

Flannels! Flannels!
A full assortment in Scarlet Grey and White Shaker Medicated, Opera and Plaid.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Merino Underwear,
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.
Ladies', Gents' & Children's Merino Underwear.

Will open this week a large invoice of these goods at extremely low prices.

Laces, Fringes, Ties and Ruffles.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.
LACES, FRINGES, TIES AND RUFFLES.

GLOVES and HANDKERCHIEFS,
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.
GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.
FINE GERMANTOWN WOOL.

BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.
BERGMAN'S ZEPHYRS.

LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.
LADIES' UNDER GARMENTS.

Ladies' Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers and Infant's Slips.

Table Linens, Toweling and Napkins, Floor and Table Oil Cloth, Window Shades and Carpets.

Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 wide.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

In large variety, consisting of China, Stone and Glass Ware, Tubs, Buckets and Baskets.

Fine Groceries at City Prices,
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.
FINE GROCERIES AT CITY PRICES.

At
J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,
Next to Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

From the Galaxy.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child! thou seest me content to lead
A lonely life. Do thou, in imitation,
Not happy, nor triumphant, learn the need
Of resignation.

All guileless be, commencing with the skies,
And as a sun to glorify the whole;
My child! within the azure of thine eyes,
Put thou thy soul.

For none are happy, none triumphant here;
To all their little span is incomplete
Our life is but a shadow, and, my dear,
The shadows fleet.

Yes! of their weary lot all men complain,
To happiness, oh! strange and cruel fate,
All things are wanting, all! we seek in vain,
Or find too late.

What are the boons we crave, each for his part,
The hope of which doth still our hearts beguile?
Renown and wealth, a word, a woman's heart,
A loving smile.

Mirth, to the unloved king, is wanting still;
A drop of water to Sahara's plain;
Man's heart is like a well, which as we fill,
But dries again.

Behold those thinkers whom we idolize,
Those heroes whose command we gladly own,
Whose names illuminate our sombre skies—
Where are they flown?

They rose like meteors through thy wintry air,
And dazzled for a moment every eye;
Then sunk into the careless grave, and there
In darkness lie.

Kind Heaven, that knows our bitter griefs and fears,
Takes pity on our vain and empty days,
And bathes each morning with refreshing tears
Our dusty ways.

One only law there is, so just and mild
Of which each honest heart must own the sway:
To pity, nothing hate, and oh! my child,
To love alway.

READING ALOUD.

Reading aloud seems almost gone out of fashion except among those who do it in some way professionally. It is no longer really taught in schools, or it is taught in very few. A single generation has seen it pass away. The reason of this is two-fold and strange. For it is the first great diffusion of education, and next the great increase in reading. Reading aloud cannot be taught in large classes, and consequently in public schools and in large private schools it has fallen into neglect. Not that there is no pretence made of teaching it, although even of this there is comparatively little; but that there has ceased to be that individual practice before the teacher, guided by his example as well as informed by his instruction, which used to be regarded as one of the most important of daily school exercises. This is much to be regretted. Better let two "branches" go than this of reading aloud. In fixing his attention, in leading to exactness of apprehension, in power of bringing the pupil's mind into a flexible adaptability to the thought presented to it, there is no exercise that will take the place of reading aloud. A person cannot read anything aloud well, with proper inflection and emphasis, without thoroughly understanding it. A pupil cannot scramble through and skip over what he knows that he is likely to be called upon to read aloud. It is among the very best of educational disciplines. Besides this, with a competent teacher, it is, I hardly need say, the very best means of acquiring that clear enunciation which is one of the greatest beauties of speech, and which any observant person will find largely lacking in the younger people of the present day. Good English speaking and good English writing comes, except in cases of rare inborn faculty, chiefly by the reading aloud of good English authors under the supervision of a teacher who himself or herself speaks good English and understands these authors. Of such teachers how many may be found in our public or our private schools? Of such teaching, or of the attempt at such teaching, how much?

Reading aloud has fallen into disuse in families and in the social circle because we read so much. The newspapers, or rather the abuse of the newspaper, has done much to bring this about. We rise from the table, we seize each of us a newspaper or a new paper-covered novel, and we plunge into their pages and sit unsocially silent. We even resent the [illegible] interrupts our own silent, solitary enjoyment, and because we think that we could have read the passage so much more quickly by ourselves. The pleasure of a common enjoyment is disregarded in favor of our own greedy devouring of our silent, solitary mental meal; the charm of the sound of the human voice, conveying shades of meaning and points of emphasis, is undervalued, and seems to be passing away as one of the delights of life. Silent reading is even destroying companionship, which now is to be found in perfection only among men at their clubs. Newspapers thus read are gradually extinguishing conversation. One advantage of a long dinner is that it compels those around the table to leave books and newspapers out of their hands while they are there, and talk to each other to their best ability. As to talking at a "reception" or a ball; that is impossible in any coherent, intelligent, almost in any intelligible fashion. And thus by silent reading and the neglect of conversation, language itself is coming to a kind of disuse. For language is speech, not letters; and we cannot really enjoy it or master it by hearing sermons and lectures or plays, and thus getting our speaking done for us, as the Turks get their dancing done for them, by others.—*New York Times.*

CORPORATIONS WITHOUT A HEART.—It would not be a pleasant task to review the list of influences which led to the great strike. Some of them—more important than has been popularly imagined—have had little notice: and they lie so far back or so deep down that they are not likely to be talked about. That the railroad force of the country has been very badly demoralized is evident enough; but if we should say that its demoralization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers have set to those in their employ has not been a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroads have looked on and seen others get rich by illegitimate means. They have seen whole boards of directors drop off gorged from schemes that have left the stock interests without a drop of blood in their veins. They have seen stock watered, tampered with, robbed. They have seen railroads which had absorbed the livings of trustful widows and orphans managed solely for the private interests of their presidents and directors. They have seen roads built with bonds that were lies, and were known to be lies.

They have seen roads in ruinous competition with each other, while they were compelled by this competition to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work on the Sabbath, and have been practically shut out from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctimonious faces and conveniently obtuse consciences, have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company." The railroad corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their employes, beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

AMERICANS IN PARIS.—Americans make the best Frenchmen of all the foreigners who flock here. The Russians, a large colony always, are always Russe, extravagant, barbaric in splendor, and gross to excess in carriages, women, wine and diamonds. A pet monkey showering about a casket of the Esterhazy diamonds is a good illustration of a rich young Russian *boyard* scattering his first crop of wild oats on the fruitful soil of Paris. The English are always English wherever you find them, and will want some little isle of light to themselves in the next world. Egotistical, selfish, economical to parsimony, fault finding and supercilious, they are the *betes noir* of the continent. The German rarely travels, wastes no money, assimilates with nothing but beer. The American, after a brief residence, waxes his moustaches, wears lacquered boots, swings a cane as slender and delicate as a lace thread, drinks black coffee in tiny cups on the boulevard, says, "Pardon, Monsieur," twice a minute, and places his right hand on his heart when bowing to a lady. What endears him most to the Parisian's heart is the noble disregard of cost which characterizes the American sovereign abroad. If the Duke of Hamilton has a fine suit of rooms, *au premiere*, at the Hotel St. Germaine, the bonanza king wants the whole of the first floor. If Prince Paul Demidoff has a salon box for his mistress at the new opera house (which will have cost the nation $20,000,000 when finished), some lucky Baldwin of the Best and Belcher mine takes two boxes and fills them with diamonds and questionable women. That's the sort of man the American in Paris generally is, to the extent of his means.—*Washington Capital.*

THE MILLER OF SCAWTON DALE.

JOHN LOCKWOOD.

One summer's afternoon, a few years later on, a young girl sat by the parlor window of the miller's house, sewing and singing to herself. It was not a cheerful song she sang, nor had the place a cheerful air. Scawton Mill in these later years had a neglected, ruined look, which, if it did not detract from its picturesqueness, would certainly have lessened its value in the market. The sorrowful singer was Minna Ringston, who kept her father's house, and had lived alone with him ever since her mother's death; for Esther had never returned home, and the breach between Christopher and the Jenningses had never closed.

Minna Ringston's life would not have been considered a very bright one by most young folks. She had to rise early, to work hard, to exercise both judgment and economy to make ends meet, and she had to bear the companionship of a gloomy man, whose face never brightened with a smile from one year's end to another.

Ever since his wife's death, Christopher Ringston had lived at open war with his neighbors and his moroseness was such that it was confidently believed that nothing but a bad conscience could account for the change in him. People now remembered that his grandfather had not borne a very good character; and all the old tales that naturally grow about a sequestered place like Scawton Mill [illegible] up, until it was confidently asserted that it was haunted by at least two ghosts, and not a young woman in the neighborhood would take service in the miller's family. Added to this, there had been an accident which ruined the declining business. A family had been nearly poisoned by some flour which was ground at Scawton; and though it was clearly proved that the rats, and not the miller, had conveyed the poison into the flour, the neighbors never sent corn to be ground there again. Monstrous stories got about, that human bones were ground up in the flour, and children shuddered and took to their heels if they encountered the gloomy, dark-visaged Miller of Scawton in the Dale. Save his faithful younger daughter, and old Simon, who remained true to his master, there was not a soul probably who did not regard Christopher Ringston with distrust and aversion.

Minna's song was brought to a close by the discovery that it was five o'clock, and the kettle not boiling. When tea was ready, she ran to call her father, who was making hay along with Simon Colter in the croft over the stream. He entered with a grave face.

"He's dying," said he—"Trusty's dying. I'd a mind to put a bullet through his head just now, when I passed the stable door and see him lie groaning yonder in the straw."

"Oh, father, won't he get better, think you? Poor old Trusty!" and the young girl's eyes filled with tears as she thought of the old horse, which had carried her and her sister so often as children, lying dying from an accident he had met with a few days before.

And then there was the hay. It was all cut, and was to have been got in on the morrow! What could be done?

But Minna dared not put the question to her father, who sat silent and rueful at his tea! She tried to talk of other things; for to remedy troubles, and not to talk about them, was Minna's way. But she was thinking of the hay and how to save it all the time. After tea, she resolved to walk over to their neighbor, Mr. Wicketts, and ask him to lend them one of his horses; for she knew her father himself would never ask a favor from a neighbor.

Mr. Wicketts lived in a substantial farmhouse further down the Dale, and was well-to-do in the world, and had daughters who had been to school at Lancaster; and when she drew near, Minna perceived that the Misses Wicketts had company, and were having tea under the beech-tree on the lawn. The young people all looked so smart and well-dressed that poor Minna felt afraid to approach them in her cotton gown. But she remembered that the hay would be spoiled if she did not, and so, like a sensible girl, plucked up her courage, entered the garden, and explained her errand to the farmer.

Amongst the young people was one, [illegible] the rest. Minna had been staring at her for some moments, then she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Wicketts, it's sister Esther!" and she ran forward with flushed cheeks to embrace her.

But Miss Esther Ringston seemed more surprised than pleased to see her sister. They were almost strangers now; but Minna's heart throbbed fast, if Esther's did not, at the sight of her own flesh and blood.

"I didn't know—I'm so glad!" she said, sobbing. "I heard once before you had been visiting here, Esther; but this time you'll come and see father before you go, won't you?"

But Esther said she must obey her uncle and aunt's wishes. They had been father and mother to her, and she owed them a daughter's obedience. Esther spoke more correctly than Minna, and looked more like a young lady, for she had been to a boarding-school; but Minna was inexpressibly shocked by her coldness, and at last turned away with an aching heart when she found her pleading all in vain.

She had got a promise, however, that a horse should be lent to get in the hay; and she set off home as fast as she could go, thinking over her sister's conduct.

It was a good two miles back to the mill, and as the sun was getting low, Minna thought to hasten her return by taking a short cut through some fields that belonged to their neighbor Norton. She had forgotten that a certain bull, of which she stood much in terror, was sometime pastured in these fields; but the unpleasant fact was recalled to her by an ominous lowing that reached her ear when halfway across the second field. Mr. Norton's bull had a disposition as unamiable as his master's, and when Minna beheld the beast careering toward her, tail in air, she very naturally set off running, and reached the next stile almost dead with fright and exhaustion. At the moment when she was ready to sink down and be trampled on, a young man sprang over the stile, and lifted her over it before she well knew what had happened.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, as soon as she could speak. "I—I thought I should be killed!" and Minna begin to cry.

"It was a close shave, but don't cry. You're safe enough now," said the young man, still threatening the bull with his stick; but the cowardly animal soon turned tail when he saw he had not a defenceless woman to deal with.

"Can you tell me whether I am on the right track for Shepton Fell?" asked the young man, who was a stranger to Minna.

"No, you're quite wrong. You have come too far up the Dale," she answered, drying her tears.

"I guessed as much when I sat there on the stile just now."

"You must turn back when you get into the road, and when you reach the inn by the bridge, you must ask your way," said Minna.

But when they got into the road, the stranger insisted on seeing her safely home. "You are so upset that if another bull turns up he'll make quick work of you," said he, with a smile.

There was something so frank and pleasant about the young man, that Minna did not feel at all afraid of his company, shy as she generally was with strangers.

As they walked along he put many questions to her about farming, and seemed to take much interest in the scenery; but he neither looked like a Lancashire farmer nor a travelling artist, such as Minna had often seen before this in the Dale, and he spoke with an accent that was so new to her that she almost laughed. Upon his remarking that they didn't get in their hay-crops in that fashion in his own country, Minna said—

"But you're an Englishman, aren't you?"

"No," said he, "I'm from Canada," and he went on to tell her so many interesting things about his own country, that Minna was quite surprised when she saw her home in sight.

As they turned the bend of the stream and beheld the mill and the home before them, the last rays of the setting sun were shining down the dale. Nothing could look more charming than the view from this point. The stranger stopped in admiration, but it was admiration mingled with amazement.

"How queer!" said he, "I could swear I have seen this place before, and in this same sunlight."

"Perhaps you've passed up the Dale before," said Minna.

"Never in my life. I set foot in England for the first time last Tuesday, and have been chiefly in Liverpool since. I suppose I must have dreamed of some such place, one time or other, for it seems as familiar to me as our own homestead."

Minna was thinking more of how she could prevent her companion accompanying her further than of his words. The sight of a stranger would displease her father, she knew, and to let him go to the door and not ask him in would be downright uncivil, after the service he had rendered her. But before she could make up her mind what to do, the young man cut the difficulty by saying—

"I'm going to ask you for something to drink. I'm so thirsty with the heat that I nearly stopped to take a draught out of your brook just now."

Minna reddened visibly. There was nothing in the house but milk or cold tea, she knew. To refuse it, however, was impossible, though she already saw her father standing yonder in the door-way, looking on with wonder.

"Who's this?" he asked with an air of displeasure as they approached. Minna explained, and related the story of her fright.

"You ought not to have crossed the fields—you oughtn't to have set foot on Norton's land at all," said her father; and his tone was so churlish and his face wore such an habitual frown now-a-days, that the young Canadian set him down for a brute, and pitied the poor girl who had such a father.

Minna hastened into the house for the milk; the young man stood at the door, wondering why he was not asked in-doors. Being a bit of a wag in his way, and very plain-spoken, he remarked—

"Well, miller, are times so bad with you in this country, that you can't afford to offer a seat to a stranger for fear of wearing out your chair-bottoms?"

"I don't ask strangers within my doors," answered the miller, grimly; "they're better outside [illegible]"

"That's social, anyhow," began the young man, but he checked himself, for there stood Minna with the milk.

When he had drunk it off, the miller, looking at him sternly, said—

"Now, young man, go on your way. That milk was given you, remember, by my daughter. She doesn't look like a murderess, does she? No; but if I had given it you, they'd tell you down in the Dale that it was lucky for you if you wasn't a dead man afore morning;" and he closed the door in the young man's face without another word.

"A pretty specimen of British manners," thought the young Canadian, as he turned away. "The man's mad, I suppose. How unhappy that pretty girl looked, as her father shut the door on me!"

Minna Ringston's face haunted him all the way back to the little inn by the bridge, where, as it was now getting dark, he decided to stay the night, instead of pushing on to Shepton. Whilst at supper, he made some inquiries of the landlord about the Miller of Scawton. So strange a story did he hear that he was unable to sleep when he went to bed. He lay thinking it over, wondering how he came to have that strange feeling of being familiar with a place which it was quite impossible he could have ever seen before. All at once it flashed upon him that there hung upon the parlor-wall in his father's house, near Montreal, a picture representing the place just as he had seen it that evening. But he was too tired to pursue the train of thought he had started, and fell asleep almost immediately.

A few days later, as Minna Ringston was making bread in the kitchen, there came a click at the garden-gate. But Minna was too busy to heed it, and too much engrossed by sad thoughts. All had gone wrong the last few days. Trusty was dead, and the hay not got in. Her father had refused the loan of his neighbor's horse, and had been very angry with his daughter for asking it. The weather had broken up, heavy thunder storms succeeded, and the hay was now lying rotting in the field.

Minna's sorrowful ruminations were interrupted by a tap on the window-pane, and looking up she beheld, to her surprise, the young Canadian standing at the open casement, watching her, with a smile.

"We don't do it in that way at home," said he. "I'd like you to taste my mother's doughnuts and buck-wheat cakes; they beat your bread into fits."

"Don't be alarmed," said he, walking in. "Your father is asleep in the arbor yonder. I have been watching my time. I want a few words with you, Miss Ringston, if you won't think it is a liberty I'm taking."

"Oh, no; please sit down," said Minna. "I ask you not to be offended at [illegible] havior the other night. He—he can't help it," she stammered, "and I'm sure he's grateful to you; but—but—oh, you don't know what he's suffered!" and Minna's voice shook sadly as she looked up at her visitor.

"I know more than you think, I guess," he replied, looking closely into Minna pretty blue eyes. "Your Dale folks don't want bribing to talk about their neighbor's concerns. But I want to come to the business that brings me here to day, and that is to put a few questions to you, Miss Ringston, if you'll kindly answer them."

Minna had no hesitation about complying. The honest voice of the speaker, to say nothing of his comely face, inspired her with confidence. They stood talking together for some time; and the various emotions written on Minna's open countenance during their conversation made her look unusually animated and interesting.

"I must be off now," said the Canadian, as the kitchen clock struck three. "I have to be back in Liverpool to-morrow, and, as my business will be finished in a couple of days, I shall probably be on my way home before the week's out. If I have the good luck to serve you, Miss Ringston, I shall be well paid for the loss of the ramble I had promised myself amongst the Cumberland lakes. In any case, you shall hear from me one of these days about this matter, which ought not to rest here. Good-bye—never mind the flour on your fingers;" and Minna, blushing prettily, gave him her hand, which he pressed quite cordially.

He had not been gone a minute before he reappeared at the window.

"By the way, you don't know my name—John Lockwood, dealer in hides, Montreal—don't forget—and God bless you."

The next minute he had cleared the garden hedge at a bound, and was hastening down the Dale.

SNOWED-UP.

Minna Ringston was not likely to forget her cherry friend, whose visit had excited such hopes in her mind; but when month after month went by, and nothing came of John Lockwood's promised assistance, she began to feel discouraged and disappointed in him. He had written her one brief letter, expressing a fear that he had roused hopes which might never be realized—that was all. Often did poor Minna cast a sorrowful eye over the lines, and blame herself for having put any trust in the writer's words.

"But I think he would be sorry if he could see us now," reflected Minna, with pathetic *naïvete*, as she sat watching the snow-flakes fall this howling winter's afternoon; and in counting upon his sympathy she was not crediting Mr. Lockwood with any excessive sensibility, for things were certainly just now at a desperate pass with the family at Scawton Mill.

Christopher Ringston was ill, and Minna was sitting by her father's bedside, with a heavy heart. He looked old and grizzled, as he gazed at his daughter, who held a letter in her hand which she had just been reading to him. Christopher's brow had darkened as he listened; he could not yet realize the contents of that heartless epistle.

Outside the house, a heavy snow-storm raged. It was mid-winter, and the millwheel stood locked in ice, and the sheep were dying in the drift on the Fells, and there had been neither ingress nor egress from the Dale for now five days past.

"I think, father," began Minna, hesitatingly, as she looked wofully at the letter—"I think Esther would have come if the snow hadn't—"

"It didn't snow when you wrote to her," he interrupted, angrily. "Say no more, but read it again, as I bid you."

Minna unfolded the letter again, (it was written on genteel note-paper in a beautiful hand), and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MINNA—I was very sorry to hear such sad news from you, and hope this will find my father improving. My aunt begs me to say that she cannot think of allowing me to come over to the Dale until warmer weather sets in, and Mr. Parsons also thinks it would be very imprudent. I am afraid you have a deal on your hands, but as my father refuses the help and even the advice of his friends, I don't see what can be done. If anything should happen—I mean if father should sink—you must let me know at once; of course, I should put off being married until the spring in that case, though what Mr. Parson would say, I don't know. He has taken a house, and we are busy furnishing it. Believe me, dear Minna, your affectionate sister,

ESTHER RINGSTON."

"That will do," said the miller, slowly; and he turned away his face and spoke no more.

It was a strange illness that had come upon Ringston—a complete breaking-down of the moral as well as the physical forces of the man.

"It's o' no use striven," my lass," said he, when he took to his bed a week before; "it's clear to me that when the world takes agen a man, he can't prosper nohow, let him try as he will. If it wasn't for thee, I'd never wish to rise off this bed never more."

It was true; he had utterly lost heart. His neighbors regarded his latest misfortunes (the failure of his potato crop and the distemper amongst his cattle) as plain and visible proofs of Divine displeasure. When Aunt Jennings heard of Christopher's illness, she was so concerned for his guilty soul that she sent over her cousin, the minister, to talk to him and awaken his slumbering conscience. But Christopher's brow turned dark as night at the sight of him; and he peremptorily ordered him to quit the chamber and the house when he learned by whom he had been sent.

Well might poor Minna's spirits flag as they had done of late. Even the doctor, whom she secretly consulted about her father's illness, had hinted that it was the mind more than the body which needed medicine in his case. It seemed to her that all the world, except herself, still suspected her father of that dreadful crime.

Except herself? Alas! what most distressed the poor girl was that there had been moments of late when she found doubts of her father's innocence rising in her own mind. "How was it that Walter Soames had never been heard of again? How was it that the steps taken to trace him by the police of London and of Liverpool had entirely failed? Could it be possible [illegible] had been tempted——" But arrived thus far in her speculations, Minna would always stop, horrified at her own wickedness. If innocent, her father was the most wronged of men, and her warmest love and devotion could make but poor amends for the injustice of his lot.

Never, perhaps, had Minna's spirits sunk so low as during the last five days, while she had been shut up in the house with her father and old Simon. All communication with the lower part of the Dale had been cut off since Saturday, when Simon, returning from the village shop at the bridge, had nearly lost his life in a snow-drift. The severe weather, the seclusion, and the depressing influences of the cold had told upon them all. Her father had lain in bed in a half-torpid state, looking out on the frozen landscape with a face as dull and hopeless as the wintry sky. Old Simon croaked over his rheumatics by the fireside, and said "he thought them as was happed down warm in the churchyard had the best of it this winter."

When Minna was getting his supper ready at night, the old man seemed more depressed than usual.

"It's like the winter when your grandfather, the old master, shot the wild geese at the Dale Head," said he, "and we are snowed-up a fortnight; only then," added he, with a sigh, "we had a house full o' good victuals, and we tapped three casks o' strong ale afore the thaw set in, I recollects."

When he had smoked his pipe, he laid it down on the mantle-shelf, and said solemnly, "There, missie, it's the last o' the baccy, and we shall come to the last mouthful o' victuals soon. I think the Lord has clean forgotten us up here." And when the old man had hobbled off to bed, Minna sat down before the kitchen fire and cried from sheer misery.

Alas! if the food should not hold out as long as the frost! If her father should grow worse and die before any aid could be summoned! He had seemed more low-spirited that day than ever, and at times she had thought his mind was wandering. She resolved not to leave him to-night, and wrapping herself up in a shawl, she returned to her father's room, to spend the time in the chair by his bedside.

"Ah, my poor lass!" said he, looking at her sadly, "I've been thinking of what will become of thee when I'm gone. You'll never let them change your heart against me, as they've changed your sister's—eh?"

"Oh, father, how can you talk so——" But Minna's tears choked her.

"Nay, lassie, don't take on. I know thou'rt true to me, if none else be. But——" here he paused—"but it's hard to leave a bad name behind one. I'd hoped to stand clear before them; but these's no justice on this earth—no, nor yonder above, it seems!"

The last words were spoken in a voice that [illegible] "Try and sleep a bit, father dear," she murmured.

He closed his eyes, and lay back on the pillow with a sigh; but it was long ere he slept, and when he did sleep it was so uneasily, that Minna resolved to keep awake all night, if possible. For some two hours she sat there listening to the ticking of her father's big silver watch; but ere long Minna's youth and healthy temperament asserted themselves, and she too slept. She woke up suddenly, hearing her father call to her—

"Minna, who's grinding in the mill to-night?"

"Grinding, father? You're dreaming," said she. "It's night, and the weir's frozen."

"I heard the mill door click," said he, "and the hopper bell ring. Hark!"

But there was no sound in the silence that rested on the snowy earth. Minna drew back the window-curtain to reassure her father, and showed him the snow-covered trees and the old mill standing out black and grim against the white landscape.

"All's safe," said she, "it was only fancy;" and she took her seat by the bedside, and held her father's hand in hers till he slept again.

But there was no more sleep for Minna. She had been too much startled by her father's strange words, and she sat listening for *something* in a state of nervous expectation. Now Minna Ringston was neither timid nor superstitious by nature; but her father's condition, the silence of night, the solitary household where she alone was awake—all combined to fill her with disquiet. So much was she under the influence of nervous excitement that ere long she began to think she could really hear some one in the mill.

Whether it was a door that had creaked, or a foot-fall on the hollow planks, she could not tell, but she sat listening for a repetition of the sound with a painful concentrated attention. At last, unable to sit still any longer, she rose and went to the window.

Brave a girl as she was, Minna Ringston with difficulty restrained a cry of terror, when she beheld a light streaming from one of the lower windows of the mill. People had long said the place was haunted; perhaps there was——. But Minna's heart almost stopped beating at the thought. She was literally too frightened to move for a few moments; but then came the reflection that there might be thieves in the mill, or that it might have taken fire. In any case, she must know the worst.

Bracing her courage, she took the rusty keys from the fire-place, and drawing her shawl over her head, she quitted the room silently, so as not to awake her father. She had resolved to cross the wooden gallery that led to the upper chamber of the mill, and there look down through the trap-door in the floor into the grinding-room, whence the mysterious light issued.

She had reached the mill, when her courage failed her. The thick snow had deadened the sound of her footsteps on the bridge; but how was she to unlock the door without being heard? She stood with the key in the lock, her heart beating wildly, when the door noiselessly gave way. Simon had forgotten to fasten it, or ceased to do so since the granary was empty. It was all in darkness, save where a light streamed through the square aperture in the floor. With stealthy steps she approached, and looking down through the trap, stood paralyzed with terror.

There were two figures below—two men, muffled up to the eyes, talking together in a low tone. One of them grasped a thick cudgel or staff; the other held aloft over his head a flaring candle, which he had taken from the lantern on the wall. Minna heard the latter say—

"If we haven't awoke them in the house, we'd better keep quiet awhile."

To which the other replied—

"Yes, we should stand a chance of a bullet in the head, I dare say, if we tried the house. The miller wouldn't stand on ceremony at this time of night. Hark! what's that?"

It was Minna, who, in her terror, had let the keys slip from her fingers.

"Rats, I suppose—old place full of them—hark how they scamper," and a providential rush of mice or rats at that moment saved Minna from fainting on the spot.

"I know every corner of the old place," said the first speaker, still holding his light aloft. "It looks as grim as a vault, and if ever a ghost could choose his own——"

"If you go waving the light about in that fashion, you'll draw their attention in the house, and frighten them to death," interrupted his companion. "I wonder what time it is; nowhere near morning, I'm afraid. If I haven't lost my pipe in those confounded drifts, I shall have a smoke, and—Good heavens, Soames, look there!"

The speaker had just caught sight of the terrified face looking down through the trap-door. With a haste that almost knocked his companion backward, he sprang up the ladder that led to the next floor.

"Minna, don't be frightened!" he cried; "it's I—it's John Lockwood! All's right; and you mustn't—you mustn't——"

For Minna, who had never shown signs of hysterics in her life, gave a piercing cry, and was on the point of fainting when he caught her in his arms. But she had taken in the meaning of the scene; and before the young man had time to get our his brandy flask, she had revived, and had extricated herself from his arms.

"Oh, Mr. Lockwood, is it true?" she cried, have you really brought him back?"

She pointed to his companion, a dark-bearded man, who stood looking on with an air of distress.

"Yes, that's Walter Soames. I said I would find him, and I have. But I didn't mean to frighten you in this way, all the same."

"Oh, never mind that, Mr. Lockwood," exclaimed Minna, "I—I am so thankful! It will save my father's life,—and make me the happiest——"

But she could not finish; she sat down on the heap of sacks near, and cried from sheer joy and surprise.

* * * * * *

Yes, it was the man so long supposed to have been murdered by her father who stood there [illegible] hale and well. Thanks to John Lockwood [illegible] off woods of Canada [illegible] learned the misery of which he had been unintentional cause, and had immediately hastened to England to put matters right. The travellers had been detained by the snow-storm for three days, but at the last had pushed up the Dale at the peril of their lives, and reached the mill in the dead of night.

Walter Soames, it appeared, had left England two days after his ill-fated visit to the mill, and taken ship for America under a changed name. There he had gone through the usual hard experiences of young men who prefer a vagabond artist-life to a decorous professional one. He had, at one time travelled amongst the farmhouses in Canada, picking up a living by painting likenesses; and it was on one of these occasions that he made the acquaintance of the Lockwoods, who had shown him such kindness, that on parting he presented them with that sketch of Scawton Mill which had been the lucky means of his identification. But Walter Soames having ultimately taken to farming, and married a rich Canadian farmer's daughter, was now in a position to give substantial assistance to the person on whom he had unconsciously inflicted such grave injury.

"The only thing, Mr. Ringston, that can restore my peace of mind," said he, "will be your deciding to leave this unlucky place, and return with me to Canada, where I undertake to put you into a farm, and find you a good home."

The miller shook his head—said he was "too old and broken now." But he already began to look another man, as he beheld the cloud that had so long darkened his life passing away. The proposal was urged with such force and good feeling that ultimately he consented, being strongly advised thereto by the young Canadian, who, though a very unselfish fellow, had here a distinctly personal object in view. That object so directly concerned the miller's daughter, that to her ear he confided it in strictest privacy.

"I have loved you, Minna," said he, "ever since I first saw you making bread in your father's kitchen, and if you'll come to my country and make for me, I'll promise you a good home, and the love of a man who can keep his promise, as you know. Do say 'Yes'"

Minna did say "Yes," and so new and happy a life dated from the time when she and her father reached their Canadian home, that it was only when they looked at a certain treasured picture on their parlor wall (with the signature W. S. in the corner), that they could realize that they had ever known such gloomy and disastrous days as those they had spent at the old mill in Scawton Dale.

ON THE DOWNS.

A lite-like nameless vapor [illegible],
A valley like an unsealed grave
That no man cares to weep upon,
Bare, without boon to crave
Or flower to save.

And on the lip's edge of the down,
Here where the bent grass burns to brown
In the dry sea wind, and the heath
Crawls to the cliff's side and looks down,
I watch and hear beneath
The low tide breathe.

Along the long lines of the cliff,
Down the flat sea-line, without skiff
Or sail or black-blown fume for marks,
Through windworn heads of heath, and stiff
Stem blossomless and stark,
With dry sprays dark.

I send my eyes out as for news
Of comfort that all these refuse,
Tidings of light or living air
From windward, where the low clouds muse
And the sea, blind and bare,
Seems full of care.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

Thorough Bred Setters.

BY ARNOLD BURGES.

With some persons it seems to be a prevalent idea that a good dog cannot be of a bad color, and where color is not a *mark of blood* this is indeed of little comparative consequence. Some breeds, however, have their characteristic shades, and in such cases a variation from the rule indicates an out-cross or impurity of blood, and can no longer be disregarded. For this reason color is a matter of great moment to the English sportsman, and forms such an important feature in their shows that a badly colored dog is thrown out of the lists. Each of the prominent breeds of setters, viz: Laverack, Irish and Gordon, has its individual and recognized color or colors, and as these are unknown to many of our sportsmen, we give the folowing as rules for judgment, in which we are supported by the leading authorities of England.

Of the English setter, Stonehenge, in his "Dogs of the British Isles," says: "We place the colors according to merit—1. Orange and white, with freckled nose and legs; 2. Orange and white; 3. Lemon and white; 4. Black and white ticked, with slight tanned spots on feet and legs, commonly called Belton greys; 5. Pure white; 6. Black; 7. Fallow, or yellow; 8. Liver, or liver and white." In "The Setter," Mr. Laverack mentions these colors, and gives the colors of the breed bearing his name, the blood of which can be traced back for over eighty years. "Color black, or blue and white ticked." "There is another variety of the same strain, called the lemon and white Beltons, exactly the same breed and blood. These are marked similar to the blues, except being spotted all through with lemon color instead of blue." By the expression "ticked" it is understood that the marking is in minute spots of blue, black or lemon, on white ground.

The color of the Irish setter, like the Gordon, is in some respects, a matter of controversy. It is beyond question that at dog-shows no color is deemed as perfect as the deep blood red, without either black or white shadings and marks. This was the color of Captain Hutchinson's Rob, the most celebrated dog of his day, and is the same exhibited by Dr. Goldsmith's Plunket, the best representative of the present time. Stonehenge says, "The blood red, or rich chestnut or mahogany color, the deep red—not golden, not fallow, nor yellow, nor fawn,—but deep, pure blood red, is the color of an Irish setter of high mark. This color must be unmixed with black, and tested by a strong light; there must not be black shadows or waves, much less black fringe to the ear, or profile to the frame. There are good Irish setters nearly white, red and white, black-tan, or intimately crossed with black-tan, and in the last case showing the distinctive marks of the cross in the black tipping of the coat, which Irish judges consider a very great fault in color." Practically the same are the expressions of Laverack and Idstone, though the former says, "My firm belief is, that no Irish setter exists without throwing back occasionally to black." He also says that there is a breed of deep red and white Irish dogs as pure as the red.

The Duke of Gordon is justly credited with having brought the breed named after him to its present perfection, and it has ever been a question where he got his colors from. The best authorities agree that there can be but four colors in the pure Gordon. First of these at the present time, according to Stonehenge, Idstone, Laverack, and all other authorities, stands the black and tan; indeed, Laverack says, "Originally the Gordon setters were all black and tan." It is certain, however, that the Duke of Gordon was very partial to the black, white and tan, and two years after the death of the Duke all the Gordon Castle setters were black, white and tan.

Without regard to where the cross was obtained, all judges agree that the only admissible colors for the Gordon are black and tan; black, white and tan; deep red, and pure black. These colors must also be extreme shades—that is, the black must be a raven black, and the red a rich blood hue. This restriction of color certainly marks this dog as clearly as possible, and taken in connection with his peculiar form, renders it impossible to confound him with any other. The only possibility of error would be in mistaking the red Gordon for Irish dogs, but the build and general appearance of the two differ so much that there is little chance for this, provided the examiner has any knowledge of the two breeds.

Now, as each of these great varieties of setters has its own color, it becomes evident that it is possible for a good dog to have bad color; that is, for a dog good in the field to be of a color which shows he has other blood in his veins than that which his name indicates. For instance, if a man has an orange and white, liver and white, or liver colored dog and calls him a Gordon, the skilled judge, knowing that such colors do not belong to the Gordon at all, at once pronounces the dog not pure. Neither would a blue or black ticked dog pass for Irish, nor a blood red for Laverack.

In the English setter there is by far the greatest variety of colors, and therefore a wider margin for the application of this pretended rule; yet even here a good dog may be of a decidedly bad color. For instance, it is held that liver or liver and white, is suspicious, as indicating a spaniel cross, and this even more than the lack of beauty is the reason why these shades are placed at the bottom of the list. In the absence of positive proof to the contrary, this color is prima facia evidence of impure blood, and bad because it carries this stigma with it.

There is indeed a chance for being misled if one judges by color alone, since many of the best breeders of the dog are now favoring the Field Trial Breed, a cross of Gordon and Laverack. These dogs may either mix color of their ancestors, or one specimen may show the color of one side only, while another marks to the opposite. As a rule, however, these dogs indicate their breed by some marked characteristic, and the colors, though confusing, are true to the combined strains.

The standard for a good or bad color is one [illegible] and pleases or offends the eye of the observer. In our native dogs, except where great care has been taken, a matter of mere taste may decide the color, but in pure bred dogs the critic thoroughly posted upon the color belonging to each race, has a reliable guide to direct him in making the selection.

Bird Story by Thomas Edward.

In the many long years that Thomas Edward spent in intimate fellowship with animate nature, he was a witness of manifold curious incidents happening in the history of birds and beasts, which he narrates in a spirited and picturesque manner. Among such anecdotes which Mr. Smiles has introduced into Edward's biography, one of the most interesting is that illustrating the surprising degree of feeling which the tern is capable of entertaining. Edward was, one afternoon in August, watching the evolutions of a flock of these birds, which were engaged in fishing in the Fryth of Boyndie. He was seeking an opportunity to bag one of the beautiful creatures, when, as if in answer to desire, a noble specimen directed its course to the shore, fishing all the way as it came. In the midst of a vivid description of the habits of the bird in pursuit of its prey, Edward relates—

"Once more he soars aloft on lively wing, and, having attained a certain elevation, and hovering, kestrel-like, for a little, with quick repeated strokes of his pinions he rapidly descended. Again, his hoped for victim has made its escape; and he bounds away in an oblique direction, describing a beautiful curve as he rises without touching the water. Shortly after he wings his way nearer and nearer to the beach; onward he advances which zigzag flight, when suddenly, as if brought down with an unseen hand, he drops into the water within thirty yards of the place where I was standing. As he righted and sat on the bosom of the deep, I was enabled distinctly to perceive that he held in his bill a little scaly capture, which he had snatched from its home, which struggled violently to regain its liberty. Its struggles were in vain; a few squeezes from the mandibles of the bird put an end to its existence."

"Being now within my reach, I stood prepared for the moment when he should again rise. This he did as soon as the fish was despatched. I fired, and he came down with a broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, together with his cries, brought together the party he had left, that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm. After surveying their wounded brother round and round, as he was unwittingly drifting toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the air with their screams. These [illegible] could already see that it was a beautiful specimen; and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, being not very far from the water's edge.

"While matters were in this position, I beheld, to my utter astonishment and surprise, two of the unwounded terns take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water, and bear him out seaward. They were followed by two other birds. After being carried six or seven yards, he was let gently down again, when he was taken up in a similar manner by the two which had been hitherto inactive. In this way they continued to carry him alternately, until they had conveyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him safely. Having recovered my self-possession, I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched from my grasp. I was observed, however, by the terns, and, instead of four, I had in a short time a whole swarm about me. On my near approach to the rock, I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as had they done already, and bear him out to sea in triumph, far beyond my reach. This, had I been so inclined, I could no doubt have prevented. Under the circumstances, however, my feelings would not permit me; and I willingly allowed them to perform without molestation an act of mercy, and to exhibit an instance of affection which man himself need not be ashamed to imitate. I was, indeed, rejoiced at the disappointment which they had occasioned, for they had thereby rendered me the witness of a scene which I could scarcely have believed, and which no length of time will efface from my recollection."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

BEYOND REACH.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Dear love, thou art so far above my song,
It is small wonder that it fears to rise,
Knowing it cannot reach my Paradise;
Yet ever to dwell here my thoughts among,
Nor try its upward flight, would do thee wrong.
What time the lark soars singing to the skies
We know he falters, know the sweet song dies
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained and strong;
But angels, bending from the shining brink,
Catch the faint note and know the poor song falls,
Having no strength to reach their heavenly height.
So listen thou, beloved, and so think.
More for the earth than Heaven his song avails,
Yet sweetest heard when nearest to God's light.

LEGENDS OF THE RAINBOW.—According to popular belief in Germany, the extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment at the spot where the rainbow is drinking, can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there, the dishes are again drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Suabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received a hundred gulden for it. At Tubingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Neckar or the Steinach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heir-loom in the family for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Suabian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterward lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Heubach, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Suabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from the rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow uses a golden goblet, which is afterward dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Suabian presents say that the devil would like to imitate the rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians the rainbow "the thunder-god's sickle."

A theory existed in the Middle Ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Trimber, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

Some one said to Hugo once upon a time: "It must be very difficult to write good poetry." "No, sir," replied the poet, "it is either easy or utterly impossible."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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Thursday, November 22, 1877.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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—The great dog-show to be held at Philadelphia begins on the 26th.

—They are talking about ancient Wm. Allen, as a possible United States Senator from Ohio.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has taken a step forward, and comes out in favor of woman's right to the ballot.

—The value of the trade dollar in gold is under 97 cents. The greenback is a fraction higher and consequently trade dollars are becoming plenty, and greenbacks are getting scarce.

—The Borden Mill, No. 1. at Fall River, Mass., was destroyed by fire early on Saturday morning. The loss is estimated at $400,000. The mill contained 80,000 spindles and employed 450 hands. It was running on full time.

—When a newspaper complains of another newspaper that the other newspaper steals from the first newspaper, the complainant is too stupid to see that the fact of the stealing shows that the paper stolen from has really printed something worth reading.

—A. Oakey Hall is to deliver a series of lec- [illegible] the country. The first will be given in Boston next Monday evening. From there he flits to Philadelphia, and afterward it is promised that he will appear in New York. The title of the opening lecture is "What Shall the Verdict be?"

—The National Grange met yesterday in Cincinnati, all the States being represented. It is said the chief object of this session will be the systematization of Grange work, and that a decision must be reached on the question of the continuance of the National Grange, and, if it be continued, the nature of its powers, functions and limitations.

—The oldest greenback five is under glass at Nashville, Tenn. The teller of the Third National Bank in receiving a deposit noticed a five marked letter A, No. 1, and dated March, 10, 1863. It was sent to the Treasury Department, where it was identified as the first five issued under the Legal-Tender Act. It has been handsomely framed and will be presented to the Historical Society.

—Carpet baggers hold the balance of power in the United States Senate. Yesterday Senator Conover, of Florida, deserted the Republican party, and voted with the Democrats, giving them a majority of one, and announced that he would vote with them to-day in favor of seating M. C. Butler. Mr. Conover now enjoys the unenviable distinction of having enabled the Democrats to win their first victory in many years in the Senate.

—Senator Morton's will gives the whole of his property absolutely to his widow, leaving her to use her own judgement and discretion as to what aid she shall give their children, in their education and otherwise, "she being the sole judge of what aid shall be rendered." Mrs. Morton is named in the will as executor. The estate is valued at about $50,000. The signature to the will is said to be the last written by Morton's hand.

—The Washington correspondent of the Utica *Herald* tells the following pleasing story about the President's wife: "As for Mrs. Hayes, it is noticeable that the Congressmen who go to the White House, have a great deal more to say [illegible] than was the case with her predecessor—an altogether favorable sign for the Administration. A Senator's wife summed up her social experience at the White House a year ago in the facts that Mr. Grant drank his champagne out of a goblet and Mrs. Grant's sole idea of social intercourse was making one of a brilliantly dressed row at a reception. Mrs. Hayes has shown a wider range of feminine perception. There was a New York Democratic Congressman—he is less of a Democrat since it happened—went to the White House last week with his little daughter of eight, who brightens his seat in the House amazingly. The two were shown over the White House in the usual fashion, and in the conservatory met Mrs. Hayes. I shall not tell you how she did it, but she won child and Congressman together, and nearly changed the man's politics on the spot.

—There is a reward amounting to $80,000, left by will, for the French Academy of Sciences to give to the discoverer of a cure for cholera. *The Scientific American* calls the attention of our physicians and surgeons to this matter, and supplies the following particulars: The competitor is required: (1). To point out a system of medicine that cures cholera in the immense majority of cases; or (2). To indicate, in an incontestable manner, the causes of Asiatic cholera, so that, by suppressing these causes, the epidemic will cease; or (3). To discover some certain prophylactic as evident for cholera, as, for instance, vaccine is for the small-pox; (4). To become entitled to the annual prize (derived from *the interest* on the $80,000), the competitor will have to demonstrate, by rigorous processes, the existence in the atmosphere of substances that may play a part in the production or propagation of epidemic diseases; and (5). In case none of the above conditions have been fulfilled, a competitor may take the annual prize by finding a radical cure for tetters, or enlightening the world upon the etiology of that disease. Portions of the revenue have from time to time been awarded for meritorious essays.

—The following is the programme of topics for the week of Prayer, January 6-13, adopted by the United States Evangelical Alliance, and recommended to the churches:

SUNDAY, Jan. 6.—Sermons: Christian Union Perfected.

MONDAY, Jan. 7.—Remembrance of personal and relative mercies; prayer for the divine blessing on past privileges, and for a humble and contrite spirit.

TUESDAY, Jan. 8.—For the Church of Christ in all lands; for its deliverance from error; for its increase in faith and holiness, and in power as a witness for the Lord Jesus Christ; for the grace and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9.—Prayer for Christian families—for sick and afflicted members; for children at school, and for youth in our colleges and seminaries of learning; for young men entering upon the active business of life, and for those abroad; for our sons and daughters openly confessing Christ.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10.—For Nations—for rulers, magistrates and statesmen; for the Army and Navy; for all benevolent and philanthropic institutions; for religious liberty, and for the opening of doors, "wide and effectual," for the publishing of the gospel; and for the reign of righteousness and peace.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11.—For Christian missions to the Jews and Gentiles; for Sunday-schools, and for the Divine blessing on all Christian efforts to spread the glad tidings of the gospel of salvation.

SATURDAY, Jan. 12.—Prayer for the circulation of the Bible; for the observance of the Sabbath; for the removal of intemperance; for the rescue of the fallen; for the safety of those who travel by land and by water.

SUNDAY, Jan. 13.—Christian life.

FOREIGN.

CAPTURE OF KARS.

The most important event, thus far, in the progress of the war in Armenia, is the capture of Kars by the Russians. An official Russian dispatch, dated Veran-Kaleh, Sunday, November 18, says: "The Russians carried Kars today by storm. The battle preceding the capture commenced at 8 o'clock last night, and terminated at 8 this morning. Our trophies and losses are at present unknown."

The following are the particulars of the capture given in a special dispatch to the London *Daily News*, dated Veran Kaleh (near Kars), Sunday evening, Nov. 18.

"Kars was captured by about by about 15,000 Russians, who climbed the steep rocks, ramparts and walls, and stormed an equal number of desperately fighting Turks over their ditches and parapets, compelling them to die or surrender. The escalade had been originally fixed for the 13th, but it was postponed owing to bad weather. The principal attack was made on the Southern forts. General Lazaroff commanded the right wing, consisting of the Fortieth Division, and attacked Hafiz Pasha, a fort crowning a steep rocky height.

"The attack begun in the centre at 8:30 o'clock on Saturday evening, when Count Grabbe lead his brigade against the Kanli redoubt, and himself fell dead at the first onset, pierced by a bullet. Captain Kwadnicki, of the 30th Regiment, was the first to enter the redoubt at 11 o'clock at night. The redoubt surrendered early in the morning, and then the three towers, almost simultaneously with the capture of the Kanli redoubt.

"The citadel, Fort Suiwarri, and Fort Hafiz Pasha, were carried by assault. By daylight on Sunday morning, General Lazaroff's troops had made progress as far as the capture of Fort Kara Dagh. The other forts, especially the Arab-Tabia on the east, and the Tschakmak- [illegible] sistance until 8 o'clock, when all the garrison which could escape fled toward Erzerum. But these were subsequently overtaken by the dragoons and Cossacks, and brought back prisoners."

"The fortress and city of Kars, with 300 cannons, stores, ammunition, cash, etc., fell into Russian hands. The Turks lost 5,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners, and many flags. The Russian loss is about 2,700. The Russian soldiers made but trifling booty, and spared peaceful citizens, women and children. General Loris Melikoff directed the battle during the day. The Grand Duke Michael was present also. The former entered the city at 11 o'clock Sunday morning."

Kars has been regarded as the key to Asia Minor being the strongest fortress in that part part of the Turkish Empire. The history of its siege and surrendar to the Russians in 1855 will be well remembered. It was then under command of the English General, Sir Fenwick Williams, but after a close siege of several months, the garrison was reduced to the last extremities and surrendered. By the terms of of the peace the fortress was restored to Turkey.

No important changes have taken place in the situation in and around Plevna.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—A dispatch from Constantinople says: "At the Sultan's Council, yesterday, it was decided that an effort ought to be made to terminate the war, but that Russian declarations could not be relied on. The Grand Vizier has seen Mr. Lavard, the English Ambassador, and has expressed the hope that England would assist to terminate the struggle."

FRANCE.

RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTERS.

The French Ministry has resigned definitely the Orleanist or Constitutional Senators having refuted to support it further. Thirty Senators, belonging to the Constitutional party and to the Right Centre, waited upon the Marshal, Thursday evening, and assured him of their devotion, but declared that they could not support the Cabinet in a policy of resistance.

At a preliminary meeting of the Senators on [illegible]stitutional group, whose votes can turn the scale in the Senate, said that the salvation of the country was at stake and that the Cabinet ought to advise the President to come to an understanding with the moderate members of the Left. M. Bocher declared that he and his twenty-seven colleagues would not agree to another dissolution of the Chamber of the Deputies.

PARIS, Saturday, Nov. 17.—The *Moniteur* (semi official) announces that at this morning's Cabinet council the Ministers tendered their resignations. The Duke de Broglie and M. de Fourton explained that they were the most devoted friends of the Marshal, but considered a change in the Ministry necessary, as the Chamber might refuse to vote the Budget while the present Cabinet retained office. President MacMahon accepted their resignations, but asked the Ministers to retain their portfolios until their successors were appointed, and give him the benefit of their advice and co-operation in negotiations for the formation of a Cabinet. The Ministers did [illegible] their opinion that it would be difficult for them to assist in that task, and suggested the co-operation of influential members of the Constitutional party in both Chambers.

—Mr. Ben Wade has been relieving his mind some more about the Administration, this time to a correspondent of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*. He was particularly severe in his comments on the President's Southern speeches. "He drew crowds around him," said Mr. Wade, "and then he complimented those who had been rebels against the Union, and told them that he believed they had been fighting for what they thought to be right; just as the United States troops had fought for what they considered right. Now, it stands to reason that if the Southerners did what they thought right they should not be obliged to suffer for it. Why, then, should the rebels not receive remuneration for their losses during the war? Why should not their soldiers receive pensions at the hands of the Government, just as the injured Union patriots were granted pensions? or why should Confederates be taxed to help pay the Northern pension list? If those remarks do not 'come home to roost' then I am mistaken." General Grant seems to have grown in favor since the last interview, for now Mr. Wade says he doesn't "believe George Washington, in his time, ever had a more honest and upright Administration than that of General Grant."

—The Christmas *St. Nicholas* will have a new cover designed by Walter Crane, ninety-six pages of reading matter, and fifty-seven cuts, including for frontispiece a reproduction of Ittenbach's "Holy Family;" and the publishers propose to make half a million little people happy by printing a hundred thousand copies of the number. Mr. Longfellow will open the number with a long Christmas poem, "The Three Kings;" Mr. Bryant will contribute a poetic paper, "The Mocking Bird and the Donkey," and Dr. Holland furnishes a riddle verse. A posthumous paper by Theodore Winthrop, "Rowing against Tide," is one of the prose attractions.

—The days of the lamplighter are numbered, and the time is at hand when he will exist only in story. Electricity is certain to take his place, because it can work more cheaply. It has been tried for the purpose of lighting and extinguishing 220 street lamps in Providence, R. I., scattered over a district nine miles long. One man attends to the whole business, and does it in fifteen seconds. The method has now been on trial for some months, and a saving of $10 per lamp per year is reported.

—Nearly all the new Congressmen from the South were in the Confederate army.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The efforts of a few Republican Senators to institute a war upon the administration, on account of its course with respect to appointments, has met with a decided rebuke during the past week. Mr. Edmunds and a few other Senators have had a free and full talk with the President, and have carried back to their colleagues a very comprehensive understanding of his intentions. This, in brief, is that the President has appointed Democrats to office only in such localities in the South in which he has been unable to secure Republicans of suitable responsibility and ability. So far as the fear that such officers will not carry out the constitutional amendments is concerned, he will hold them responsible for the performance of their duties under their oath to support the constitution. The appointment of Democrats is exceptional, and only applies to exceptional cases. In regard to the other features objectionable to these Senators, the President frankly stated that he is responsible for the honesty and success of his administration, and, therefore, must be permitted to exercise perfect freedom in the selection of his instruments, and that his first desire was to make appointments which were acceptable to the communities in which those filling them were to perform their functions; that he did not wish to wholly ignore the friendly interest of the representatives of the Districts or States in which the offices to be filled were located; but that he would not make appointments in the individual or personal political interests of any one as against the wishes of a community, as had frequently been done, and the result of which has been to weaken the Republican party.

On last Saturday a Republican Senatorial caucus was held in which Senator Edmunds stated substantially these views as the result of his conference with the President. There is no question that Conkling and those Senators, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Jones of Nevada, and a few others who have embarked their political fortunes in the same craft, have started off on an up-stream conflict. There are no less, it is now discovered, than fifteen Republican Senators who will support the President. As the Democrats will support all capable nominations, the dissatisfied Republican minority will not have much of a show. The caucus did not indicate that its members would embark as a body in the offensive demonstration threatened before the elections.

The House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads are having a lively time on the pay of Letters Carriers. Cannon, not the polygamous of Utah, but the granger of Illinois, is making himself specially notorious in denouncing the Free Delivery System in cities, and bases his noise upon the ground that the cities are always being legislated for as against the rural districts. But this cannon is not of a very large calibre, nor does he carry very heavy shot. His noise is in inverse ratio to the metal. Slemmons, of Arkansas, shares the same ideas, with the difference that while Cannon thinks postal facilities are unnecessary, Slemmon's has progressed one step further, and believes in saddle-bag post. The most urgent in favor of increasing pay to those hard-worked public servants, the letter-carriers, was Representative Freeman, who earnestly presented their case in a concise showing of the costs and result of the service in which it was seen that the letter-carriers service was the only branch of the vast Postal System of the United States, which was more than self-supporting, showing a net revenue of upwards of $300,000. Mr. Freeman's remarks had great influence with the Committee, and very conspicuously exposed Cannon's lack of information and liberality of opinion.

The Committee, judging from the views expressed, are decidedly in favor of the proposed increase of compensation, and have decided to report a bill abolishing the present system of pay, and to place all carriers on the same footing, whether in large or small cities, and with [illegible] tended the letter-carrier system during the past, has led to a disposition on the part of the Postmaster General to extend free delivery to cities of ten thousand inhabitants; the limit now being cities of a population of twenty thousand. There is even some consideration of an extension of this system to domicile delivery in the rural districts as well as in the cities. This system is now in vogue in France, and has been attended with most satisfactory results. In the more densely populated States of the Union it is the opinion of postal authorities this system would be eminently successful and compensating.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs have completed their labors upon the Paris Exposition bill, Hewitt's "corn cake" proposition was voted down without a dissenting voice, greatly to the indignation and irritation of those masters of ceremonies of the Tilden campaign of 1876.

Hewitt's idea of an American kitchen as a means of demonstrating the economic value of Indian corn was, however, admitted by all to be a good one, but it was argued by the Committee that it would not be wise to legislate in the interest of one product of agriculture when there were others of equal value to be considered.

It was shown that meats and canned fruits were already of more value commercially than Indian corn; that the people of Europe did not belong to "hot cake" nations like our own; that "slapjacks" and "corn pones" would hardly find an acceptance to the fastidious palate of the Frenchman. There is considerable opposition to the Bill, but it will doubtless pass.

Hewitt's "corn dodge" amendment was designed as a bait to the Granger influence. The Committee, however, thought that they would lose more votes on other interests than they would gain on corn.

There is an excellent prospect of turmoil on the tariff question. The Committee on Ways and Means have appointed a sub-committee of five to revise existing schedules of duties and the mode of their collection. At least, three out of five are pronounced "free traders." It is not unlikely, however, that the more recent experiences of England and the increasing clamor of her manufacturers for protection against American competition, may have something to do with influencing their action. It is generally admitted that the present list of dutiable articles could be materially simplified without seriously affecting the interest of American manufacturers, or the revenue of the Government. The results of the labor of the committee will doubtless be a tariff on the basis of revenue.

The "dollar of our daddies," as the silver remonetization is facetiously expressed, is not gaining as much head-way as "Bonanza" Jones would like. The House bill, better known as "the bill of Flood and O'Brien, of the great silver mines of Nevada," does not seem to be quite as taking with the Senate as the party interested wish.

The Committee are evenly divided on the question. The Secretary of the Treasury says that unlimited remonetization will permanently and disastrously effect the funding operation of the Government.

The moment this bill passed the House the sale of Government Bonds by the Syndicate abruptly terminated. Up to this time the Secretary, in the sale of low-interest Bonds, had effected a saving of $4,000,000, and in the completion of the placing this loan would save an aggregate of $24,000,000.

The Union and Central Pacific Railroad people, finding themselves forced by the government to some measure of prospective liquidation, are making great exertions before the Senate Judiciary Committee to secure an arrangement to suit their own views in preference to those now before the Senate, in a bill for the adjustment of the bond and interest questions between the government and the roads. At the meeting on Saturday the counsel for the roads took the ground that the government had no power to alter or amend the statutes without the consent of the roads, and then for the sake of peace and to adjust all differences submitted a proposition for each road to reconvey six millions acres of land at $1.25 per acre to constitute a sinking fund to which should be immediately added $1,000,000, from each road making $17,000,000 on which the government should pay a semi-annual interest at 6 per cent., to be compounded. In plain English the government is to take back lands which it once donated to the roads as a gift, and pay therefore, $1.25 an acre: In other words to present the companies with $15,000,000, and having done this the government is asked as an extra accommodation to pay the roads 6 per cent. compounded. In addition to this the Secretary of the Treasury is also to be asked to ascertain what sum will be necessary for semi-annual payments from each road for the complete liquidation of the rest of the indebtedness of these companies by 1905, which will be twenty years before the company is required to pay, and five years after the terms of settlement become due. It is not at all probable that the Senate committee will entertain any such propositions. The lands proposed for re-conveyance lie between the 100 meridian and the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, and are mostly sterile, and consequently would never yield the government any return. It would be about as reasonable for the roads to ask the government to release them now from all obligation. There is no doubt that the ability and energy put into the enterprise, when building, is worthy of admiration; but the government has already done its full share in fostering, and by its leniency maintaining the road.

With the aid of a few Democrats, Culberson, Giddings, Mills, Schleicher and Throckmorton, of Texas, Lutterel, of California, Williams, of Michigan and Williams of Delaware, the House Committee on Appropriations was routed on Saturday, in its efforts to reduce the numerical strength of the Army from 25,000 to 20,000 men. The vote standing 124 in favor of the Senate amendment and 130 against it. This whole business in the House was not more than demagoguery, for any one at all familiar with the subject knows that the cost of transportation of a small body of troops from place to place, and particularly at long distances, will amount, at the end of the year, to as much as if the ranks of the army were maintained at a footing equal to the necessities of the country. General McClellan ex-on to Richmond, Democratic Governor-elect of New Jersey, and prospectively Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1880, has given this subject careful study, and has written an exhaustive article in which he proves the utter folly and great expense of a small force operating over a vast extent of country. But if an impartial observer dissects the measure, or accepting the bill on its own theory, it will be seen that the cry of retrenchment was a sham, that the most *expensive arm* of the service was to be filled up to war strength at the expense of the efficiency of the infantry and artillery. Ten regiments of Calvary at 1,200 men each, would make 12,000 men. Ordnance Department, Signal Service and General Service men West Point Detachments, Engineer Battalion, Indian Scouts, etc., 3,000; leaving about 5,000 enlisted men, as the effective strength of the 25 regiments of Infantry, and 5 of Artillery.

It was also without parallel in legislation for Congress to assume the location and direction of the movements of any part of the army, and to presume to restrict the Constitutional rights of the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Besides, it made an unjust discrimination in favor of a State, giving it, with its eight hundred miles of Mexican and four hundred miles of Indian frontier, two-fifths of the entire cavalry force, thereby depriving the remainder of the frontier States and [illegible] outbreaks.

The Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, however, gave a clue to this reduction to skeletons of the Infantry and Artillery Regiments; it was to pave the way for a wholesale reduction during the regular session of the Infantry and Artillery organizations. It is one of the preliminary steps in their programme to reduce the army so as to make, in the future, an *increase* necessary, and thereby provide for the ex-Confederates waiting for places. In order to have the way clear for this project, the Representative from Cincinnati, Mr. Banning, recently introduced a bill in the House, to repeal the section of the Revised Statutes, which prohibits the appointment into the U. S. Army of persons who had served in the Naval or Military Service of the ex-Confederacy.

Whether the friends of the the twenty-five thousand standard will be able to maintain their strength remains to be seen, but it is more than probable that the Committee of Conference will succeed in satisfactorily adjusting the differences upon the remaining provisions so that it will become a law. D. D.

—Economy is the order of the hour, and every expenditure, however small, is expected to give a return in full value. Every family requires one good reliable family newspaper. Such an article can be procured for one cent for each working day of the year. *A Family Newspaper* should contain a carefully-prepared summary of all the news of the day, Both *Religious* and *Secular*; and if arranged so that the two departments may be separated and read by two individuals at the same time, so much the better. The Family Newspaper should have attractive reading and information for the various members of a household. Some portion of the paper should be devoted, every week, to religious and moral improvement, to current secular news, to agriculture, commerce, markets, finance, to general literature, &c., with a special department for the young. Above all the Family Newspaper should be perfectly pure, and free from contaminating influences in its reading matter of its advertisements. Too much attention cannot be paid to this feature, when the press is flooding the country with so much that is vile and pernicious. To crown all, the Family Newspaper should be untrammelled by any affiliation with sect or party, and should be free to give all the good news from all parts of the world. If such a Family Newspaper can be had for one cent a day, it should be taken by every family in the land.

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—Yesterday evening, the marriage, at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, of Mr. Hamilton McKay Twombly to Miss Florence Adele Vanderbilt, (the third daughter of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Esq.,) took place. Mr. Twombly is recently from Boston, and until very recently he was connected with a paper manufacturing firm there. At present he is superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson elevators on the North River. The wedding trousseau of the bride is said to be the most costly of any ever prepared in this country. The wedding dress, of white satin brocade, was woven at Lyons.

—There is project on foot to honor Senator Morton's memory, by building a $200,000 memorial hall at Indianapolis. The hall is to be used for things of historical interest, connected with the growth of Indiana.

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Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. Branch Office, Cor. F & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF STILWELL SMITH, late of the Borough of Morrisville, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to MELVENA BURROUGHS, Administratrix, Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa.
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 92

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH SMITH, late of the Borough of Morrisville, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment; and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to MELVENA BURROUGHS, Administratrix, Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa.
Or B. B. GILKESON, her Attorney. 91

Instructions on Piano and Organ,

AT the residence of Pupils, by a lady of experience. For address, apply at 78 Bath Street, Bristol. Terms, $8 per quarter. 803

1846. Thirty-third Year. 1878.

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Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County to audit and make distribution of the fund in the hands of Ebenezer H. Mull, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Perry, late of Falls Township, Bucks County, deceased, to and among the parties legally entitled to the same, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will meet them at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on SATURDAY, the 15th day of DECEMBER, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where they will be heard. ABRAM H. JONES, Auditor.
November 22, 1877. 90

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF CATHARINE McKNIGHT, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOHN S. BRELSFORD, Executor, Cum testamento annexo.
Or B. F. GILKESON, his Attorney. 91

Miscellaneous.

Clothing Ready Made.

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN TRENTON

OVERCOATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.

Dress Suits, Business Suits, School Suits,

In full variety, of honest materials, well made and trimmed, at right prices. We buy everything for cash and WE KNOW that we sell Clothing cheaper than the large cities *for the same quality of goods.*

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

A full line of American and Foreign Goods on hand TO MAKE TO ORDER. Increased effort to secure handsome fitting, stylish garment assured. We invite your patronage.

SINCLAIR, VANNEST & WEST,

33 East State Street, Trenton, N. J. 908

WANAMAKER & BROWN respectfully announce that their Autumn and Winter Fashions in Clothing for Men and Boys are ready. The great buildings at Sixth and Market are crowded from top to bottom with such Clothing as merits the confidence of the people.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Cloths and Cassimeres are, in many instances, made expressly for them. No house in the trade confines itself so exclusively to the first-class manufacturers. Indeed, a long and mature experience is necessary to know just what goods to select and make up.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Order Department will be found full of fabrics of every good kind, either Novel and Fashionable styles or the plainer and more useful things. Talented cutters, who have been successful for years in our service, are in waiting to make garments according to the ideas of the people who are to wear the goods. Good hands are employed to make up, and only good trimmings used.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Ready-Made Department offers every accommodation to those who do not care to go through the process of measurement. The stock in all Departments for Men and Boys is immense and complete, and does not lack in style, workmanship or finish, while the prices can be proven to be nearly, if not quite, 25 cents on the dollar lower than the market.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S Little Boys' and Youths' Clothing has always been a well-cared-for and prominent feature of the business. All ages can be fitted, and the styles are not surpassed—the "fits" have always been the subject of admiration

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—OAK HALL,—

The Largest Clothing House in America,

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Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

FOR 1878.

The managers of the ATLANTIC, while keeping this magazine first in American periodical literature as regards the quality of its contributions and the distinction of its writers will especially aim during the coming year to treat QUESTIONS OF PUBLIC INTEREST, as they arise, in a thorough and impartial manner. It is not only their purpose to make the ATLANTIC acceptable to lovers of *belles lettres*, but to make it indispensable to all who value the best thought in the country on *Finance*, matters of *Government Reform*, and all *Social Problems*. In the highest class of

AMERICAN FICTION.

It will be particularly full, and will contain a serial story (" Detmold; A Romance") in five parts, by WILLIAM H. BISHOP; another (" The Europeans") in four parts, by HENRY JAMES, JR.; and a third, in five or six parts, by W. D. HOWELLS.

SHORT STORIES.

Will be continued by T. B. ALDRICH, ROSE TERRY COOKE, CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON, H. E. SCUDDER, J. W. DE FOREST, and other old and new writers for the ATLANTIC, including the author of "The Child of the State."

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

By MARK TWAIN and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER will constantly appear.

DESCRIPTIONS OF FOREIGN LIFE AND TRAVEL.

By W. W. STORY (" Studies of Artistic and Social Life in Rome"), T. B. ALDRICH (" From Ponkapog to Pesth"), and CHARLES E. NORTON (" Essays on Italian Cathedrals") are promised.

STUDIES FROM FRENCH, GERMAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS

Not easily accessible to the general reader, and characterized each by some peculiar claim upon his interest, will be a useful and pleasant feature for the new year. T. S. PERRY, H. E. SCUDDER, HENRY JAMES, JR., RICHARD GRANT WHITE, W. D. HOWELLS, HARRIET W. PRESTON, and others, will contribute these studies. Interesting contributions may also be expected from EDMUND C. STEDMAN, SARAH O. JEWETT (author of " Deephaven Sketches" and others, including some curious "Reminiscences of Brook Farm," by a member of the Association.

MATTERS OF ARTISTIC AND MUSICAL INTEREST

Will be treated in frequent articles, and the literary criticisms will be as ever, full, varied, and impartial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

To which so many readers already turn the first thing, will be enlarged and rendered constantly more attractive. In

POETRY

The ATLANTIC will continue to excel. The older contributors, identified for twenty years with its fame and prosperity,—MR. LONGFELLOW, DR. O. W. HOLMES, MR. WHITTIER, MR. LOWELL, and others,—will appear as heretofore, and the ATLANTIC, which has introduced to the public the best among our younger writers, will be the avenue of whatever is most promising and characteristics in new talent. To

THE ATLANTIC PORTRAITS

Of BRYANT and LONGFELLOW, remarkable for their fidelity as portraits and their rare artistic excellence the Publishers have now added a new life size portrait of New England's favorite poet,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

These portraits are carefully wrapped on rollers, and can be sent to any part of the country by mail without injury.

TERMS OF THE ATLANTIC.—Single or specimen numbers, 35 cents. Yearly subscription, $4.00, *postage free*, with life-sized portrait of Whittier, Bryant, or Longfellow; $5.00; with two portraits, $6 00 with all three portraits, $7.00

SPECIAL OFFER.—*The November and December numbers of the* ATLANTIC, *containing poems by Whittier and Longfellow, and the commencement of Mr. Bishop's new serial story, "Detmold," will be mailed free to all new subscribers to the* ATLANTIC *for 1878 who remit their subscriptions to the Publishers before December 15.*

Remittances by mail should be sent by a money-order, draft on New York or Boston, or registered letter, to H. O. HOUGHTON & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY, Boston; HURD AND HOUGHTON, New York.

THE

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THE oldest and best Afternoon Newspaper in Pennsylvania, containing Associated Press News from all parts of the World, Special Correspondence from at Home and Abroad, Choice Current Literature, Dramatic and Musical Criticisms, Financial and Commercial Market Reports, Able and Fearless Editorials, Miscellaneous News, etc.

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Is used for filling teeth by DR. G. W. ADAMS,
East Cor. of Radcliffe and Franklin Sts., Bristol, Pa. 830

J. C. MANNING,

Trimmings, Notions & Fancy Goods.

Fringes, Laces,
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Hosiery, Corsets,
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Next to the "Trenton House." 30

A. HAMMER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,

Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle,
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2.50.

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Persons Wanting

MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,

Ladies' and Children's Underwear,

WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT

23 E. State St., Trenton,

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of

HAIR GOODS.

COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice.

E. A. BUCHANAN,

23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.

N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order. 768

A Cordial Invitation

IS extended to the readers of this paper when in Trenton to visit the Jewelry Palace of Messrs.

COOK & JAQUES,

On State Street,

And view their fine display of

Artistic Jewelry,

And choice designs of ladies' and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains. Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains, Crosses, Lockets, and full Roman sets of Jewelry, Ear Rings, Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State. They are of rich designs, and goods that are rare to find. They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks, Bronzes for mantle outfits, which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice peices of Sterling Silver, new and elegant designs of Silver-Plated Wares, Napkin Rings, Pocket Fruit Knives, Tea Spoons, Table Spoons, Forks, and a large variety of Tea, Table and Dessert Knives, and every thing to furnish out a house compliment, including Castors, "Individual Salt Distributors," Soup Ladles, etc. Diamond Rings, and plain 18k. Engagement Rings always on hand. Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have, and they will try and please you in everything you want, and make prices as low as the quality will allow. Christmas is coming, and we have just what you all want. 89

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF JAMES TOWNSEND, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to SARAH S. TOWNSEND, And TACIE TOWNSEND,
54 Executors.

Assignee's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that ALBERT B. BRADFORD, of Falls Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and Mary E. his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Albert B. Bradford, to John C. Stuckert, of Bristol Borough, in said county, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Albert B. Bradford. All persons therefore indebted to the said Albert B. Bradford will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same, without delay. J. C. STUCKERT,
71 Assignee of Albert B. Bradford.

For Sale.

A DESIRABLE Three-Story Brick Dwelling House and Store on Mill Street. 20 feet front by 36 deep; Kitchen 14 by 20. All in good repair. For terms, which will be made very easy, apply to JAMES V. FOSTER,
67 Bristol.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.

BRISTOL, PA., Nov. 6th, 1877.

THE Directors have this day declared a Dividend of Six per cent. payable to the stockholders on demand, clear of taxes.
O. T. TREDELL, Cashier.

House for Sale.

A NEW SIX ROOM HOUSE, just finished, on Penn Street. Terms easy. Apply to E. LAWRENCE.
79

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, November 22, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 6.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

The GAZETTE has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.

SORTS.

—Marriage and death notices are published in the GAZETTE free of charge.

—Extra services have been held in the Methodist Church every evening this week.

—Rosa D'Erina's proper name is O'Toole, D'Erina is merely her artistic designation.

—Rev. J. F. Chaplain, presiding elder, will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday week.

—Rev. H. L. Bunstien, whom we can almost claim as a Bristolian, is about to take charge of a Presbyterian church in the vicinity of Lock Haven, Pa.

—Rosa D'Erina had a crowded house at Cabeen's Hall, Tuesday evening. If our Bristol critics are not at fault, she proved herself a better pianist than vocalist.

—William W. Kelley, who is engaged in business in Chicago, finds time occasionally to visit his old home in Bristol. This week one of these pleasant occasions occurred.

—We are sorry to announce the serious illness of Harry P. Young, who is so well and favorably known to all our citizens through his connection with the Farmers' National Bank.

—On Thursday last the mill property and 48 acres of land belonging to the estate of Henry E. Carver, situated in Carversville, was sold at public sale, to J. Watson Carver, for $11,350.

—A Donation will be held at the Tullytown Christain Church, for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. E. H. Plummer, on the 27th of November, day and evening; friends are cordially invited to attend.

—Rumors are abroad in the land, that an article in a recent number of the *Intelligencer* written by a Bristol lady, referring to some of the school teachers of the county, has created an unpleasantness in certain circles at Doylestown.

—The members of the A. M. E. church will have a "jug breaking" and concert in a short time. The jugs seem to be circulating quite freely around town for contributions. The object in view is to raise money to pay the elders salary.

—C. H. Bright, the Gospel tent man, held a meeting at Samuel Appleton's residence on Cedar street, on Tuesday evening. Next Tuesday evening he will hold another meeting at William Tabram's, to which everybody is invited to attend.

—The Washington Cornet band will give an entertainment at Cabeen's Hall, Saturday evening December 1st, at which Hiram F. Reed Esq., of Philadelphia will give select readings, and the band furnish some good music. Mr. Reed will be remembered as the gentleman who gave such satisfactory readings here last winter.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, November 22, 1877. Patrick Brady, Bridget Cannon, Theodore Cornell, Mary Herraghty, Mrs. Eliza Headly, Charles Killingsworth, Miss Maggie Murray, P. McKusker, Catherine McGill, Samuel Pettit, Wm. Sherman, Samuel A. Stackhouse, James Suber, Lidie Smith.

—Henry S. Booz and William M. Stackhouse arrived home from their West Virginia trip last Saturday, and brought with them a number of wild turkeys, pheasants, and quail. They saw some deer, but could not get within gun shot of them. Their hunting ground was on the south branch of the Potomac river, where they found game plenty.

—The Democrats of Bristol, and vicinity who are to journey to Trenton on the 15th of January, to witness the inauguration of "Little Mac" will have an opportunity of utilizing the banners and transparencies which were prepared to celebrate the triumph of the Democracy in the Presidential contest, which for some mysterious reasons have been kept in the background. We suggest that coroner-elect Groom, should not fail to be present when the grand inquest comes off.

—Quite a pleasant little episode occurred last Friday afternoon, when Charles W. Peirce was surprised by the presentation of a gold headed cane, by the female employees in the skirt and finishing room on the third floor of Livingston Mills. John H. Bostwick procured the cane for them, and Miss Ella A. Brooks presented it. Mr. Peirce, although entirely unprepared for anything of the kind made a short speech in reply thanking them, and accepting their gift as an evidence of their esteem.

—The Presbyterian Sunday School have done a most creditable thing in employing Mr. Aaron R. Taylor to take charge of their their singing school, which commences Friday evening, Dec. 14th. The want of a good one has long been felt, and this action of the Sunday School authorities ought to be well supported by the music people of Bristol. Mr. Taylor has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best bass singer of Philadelphia, and we are authorized to say that Mr. Michael H. Cross, who is well known here, on being applied to in reference to this matter, advised the employment of Mr. Taylor, as he considered him the best teacher it would be possible to get, and one who would undoubtedly give satisfaction.

—An alarm of fire last evening about half past eight o'clock almost broke up several meetings at the different churches, and after all the ringing of the bells, and starting the department in search of the fire, a few buckets of water extinguished it before the fire apparatus was quarter the way there. The house on Otter street occupied by Mrs. Winder, was where the excitement began, the roof catching fire, it is supposed from sparks from a locomotive, and a small hole being burned through it. No other damage of any account was the result, but some of the firemen may have vented their dissatisfaction in pungent language at being called out so often on a wild goose chase. That's the way with the boys, however they are always on hand in an emergency.

—The temperance meeting was held at the Methodist Church, Saturday evening. Remarks were made by Samuel Swain, Rev. Mr. Cook, Rev. Mr. Swinden, John W. Bailey, Prof. Krichbaum and Charles S. Bailey. It was decided that instead of forming a new organization the present one should be "electrified" by having the exercises of a different character, consisting of essays, recitations, etc., instead of the same unvarying programme that has been in use since the society was organized. The new departure will go into effect next Saturday evening, at Cabeen's Hall, which will in the future, until further notice, be the place of meeting, so as to try and induce a certain class of people, whom it is desirable to reach, but who seem to have a disinclination to attend the meetings when held in the churches.

Saunterings.

A representative of the GAZETTE noticed and heard several things during a short walk yesterday. Ellwood Doron's houses, corner of Walnut and Cedar, streets, were found to be rapidly approaching completion, as well as Henry Mitchell's house, with a dressed brown stone front. He heard that Mr. Wm. R. Bradfield had an idea of opening some kind of store next door to his residence, and that nothing could take place without getting in a newspaper. While another complaint was heard of the newspapers having nothing in them. A stranger, pointing to the noble structure which does duty as Council chamber, fish market and lock-up, wished to know if that was the best hall we had in town. The interrogated was happy to be able to say no, and express some indignation that anybody should think such a think could be true. The interrogator was not informed, however, that the hall alluded to was Wm. H. Hall, our efficient freight agent. The carriage sheds near the new chapel were found to be missing, but by a little search they were discovered in another part of the ground. A group of school children, lumbered up with books and slates, gazing in a window of one of our confectionery establishments, reminded one that Christmas was coming, while the thorough canvas among the crowd for a penny, which was not forthcoming, was taken as evidence of hard times. Politics was only heard of once by the GAZETTE man; two individuals were seen gesticulating earnestly, and one, a Republican, was descanting upon what a visionary, amateur politician President we had, as shown in his answer to the Senatorial Committee, which called upon him to learn something of the reasons for "his policy," and were told that it was to build up a Republican party in the South, and was convinced that six of those States would be carried by the Republicans in the next Presidential campaign. The gentleman was somewhat excited, and was not calmed any when his friend, a Democrat, advised him not to say anything against the President, as he was making himself, not the President of a party, but of the whole country. The two gentlemen were left to settle their dispute the best way they could. The saddest thing seen during his saunterings, was next witnessed by the newspaper man. It was a lady, young in years, trying to persuade one, who was either brother or husband, not to enter one of the many saloons which are so conveniently located to lure the weak and unwary one to destruction. The two were left together, with the impression that strong drink would prove more potent than the voice of the woman.

Bristol Institute.

The Bristol Institute met on Tuesday evening, the President, Mr. Scheide, in the chair There was a very large attendance, and several new names were enrolled as members of the society. After the preliminary business, the following programme was announced: Piano Duo, "Waves of the Ocean," by Miss May Wright and Miss Hawk; essay, "Success in Professional Life," H. Bartow; reading, "Eveline Hope," R. A. Peirce; vocal solo, "Love's Request," Belle Douglass; essay, "Memories of Portsmouth, N. H.," Mrs. E. P. S. Pray; piano solo, Mrs. Edwin Wilson; anonymous contribution, "Struggle of an essay for existence," read by Miss Hawke; vocal solo, "Schubert's Wanderer," Mr. Scheide; reading from Pickwick Papers, by Prof. Krichbaum; and an instrumental quartette, "Peri Waltzes," by Misses Lizzie Tomlinson and Cora Groom, and Messrs. Stradling and Collins. As will be seen by the above, the exercises were of a varied character, and calculated to please the tastes of each one at some stage of the proceedings. Mr. Scheide, who was encored, was kind enough to comply with the wishes of the Institute, and favor it with another song, and altogether the evening passed in a very pleasant manner, except to a reporter for one of the county papers, who was made miserable by dropping his pencil upon the floor when the profoundest silence existed, thus making it seem as if one of the rafters had fallen.

—Messrs. Bailey, Brelsford and Hall, of the School Board, recently paid a visit to a school house in Camden, which they had heard spoken of as the kind of building that would meet the wants of Bristol. They were shown all over the building by the architect, and came away much pleased with it, and it is altogether probable that next year when the new school house, corner of Washington and Pond street, is finished, it will be such a structure as the one in Camden, the dimensions of which are 67 by 69 feet. It is two stories high, and has four rooms on a floor, in addition to one in the centre for the principal. Each room, which will accommodate 60 pupils, is in charge of a teacher, but is so arranged that it communicates with the room of the principal, who can also see from his apartment the scholars from the several sections as they pass out. There are four heaters in the building, one for each room, and thus throughout, although the rooms are in a manner isolated from each other, there are ample means of communication when it is desired. This is the arrangement on the first floor, which corresponds almost exactly with the second floor. The cost of the building was $8,000.

—We again call the attention to the meeting that will be held to-morrow (Friday,) afternoon and evening, in the Friend's Meeting House. It promises to be of an unusually interesting character. Such eloquent and attractive speakers as Lucy Stone, Miss Grew, Mrs. Bowles, Miss Patridge and their associates, safely warrant us in predicting a rare and edifying occasion. Although the question of Woman's enfranchisment will be uppermost in the minds of all the speakers, yet it must be regarded in the light of the central pivotal topic about which others revolve, that are by no means of a secondary nature. Such subjects as Woman's education, her right to the means of self-help and self-protection, her social, civil and domestic welfare, will no doubt conspiciously claim attention. These are questions that concern us all, and let us give them unprejudiced and unbiased heed. We all have our great and small prejudices, and perhaps we have a right to them but it is never wise to allow them to gain the ascendency over our reason, to be as closed shutters, preventing the light from shining in upon our minds. It is well for us to obey the injunction that bids us "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Let us hear, then judge.

—Birch's new Opera House in Burlington, will be opened to the public next Thursday evening with an entertainment by the Pharo Dramatic Company in Victor Hugo's historical play "Lucretia Borgia." This edifice, which is erected in a substantial manner, is claimed by the Burlington people to be unsurpassed in beauty by any other opera house in New Jersey. It is pleasant to know that Bristol's town hall also exceeds any structure of a similar character in this State—in insignificance.

—The committee of the Army Post appointed to record the names of soldiers and sailors who during the war enlisted from Bristol borough, township, and immediate neighborhood have collected four hundred and fifty names. The greater part of these have the numbers of their respective regiments attached, and all persons interested in the compilation of a perfect record are invited to inspect and correct the lists at the office of Esquire Bailey.

—The Doylestown *Intelligencer* lucidly explains that one reason why Mrs. Prizer was not continued as postmaster, was because another nomination was necessary after the Senate met, and this was secured by Colonel Miller.

—The Board of Visitors appointed to examine into the condition of affairs at the County Almshouse, and their clerk, are to receive $100 each for their services.

—The Stockham farm in Bristol township above Bristol was sold at public sale on Thursday last. to William LaRue for $59 per acre

Morrisville Notes.

The colored man who gave his name George Jones, who was arrested on the charge of stealing a cow from Wilson D. Large, of Upper Makefield, was placed in the Morrisville lock-up for safe keeping until the constable of the borough should take him to Doylestown. The constable, however, did not have the opportunity of taking him, for by means of a heated poker he burned the fastening off his cell door and fled. No tidings has since been heard of him.

William Lloyd, in the employ of Samuel Cummings, was waylaid at Bristol, a few nights ago by some unknown person, and received knocks about the head.

Morrisville Lyceum commenced on the 10th. Only a few were in attendance, owing partly to the rainy evening, and many of the members were at a lecture by Mrs. Dr. Hesten, at the Methodist Church. The following Saturday evening a lecture by Samuel Godwin, of Philadelphia, superintendent of the Franklin Reformatory Home, again took the majority of the members from the Lyceum. But now the series of temperance meetings are over we trust that next Saturday evening the hall will be filled.

During the series of temperance meetings about four hundred and fifty signed the pledge. Every hotel and saloon, except one, has been closed, and almost every one has signed the pledge. On Monday night the meetings ended with a large torchlight parade. About 1,000 men were in line, and 150 cavalrymen. Boats filled with young ladies, singing "Give us water and no whiskey," were among the remarkable features of the procession. In the centre of each boat stood a young lady holding a glass of water. After the parade, speeches were made by several orators. There was quite a large turnout from Yardleyville and Fallsington. Many of the houses were brilliantly illuminated. In ten years from now if all who signed the pledge have not once violated their solemn word of honor, there will be far more cause for rejoicing than on last Monday night.

David Palmer, formerly of Fallsington, but who for several years past has been a resident of Chesapeake City, was on Monday last brought to Morrisville for interment in the cemetery. Funeral services were held at the Advent Church.

Mr. Hutchinson is making rapid changes in the appearance of the Dr. Case's property. The removal and enlarging of the barn is finished, and now the bay window and office are claiming the time and attention of him and his workmen.

Langhorne Notes.

Real estate is selling at fair prices. The Executor's of the estate of Ann Wilson sold her property on Bellevue avenue, now occupied as the *Beacon* office, to George Flowers, for $900. All the building lots belonging to Simon Gillam, that were offered were sold on Saturday last. Thirty-two, containing rather less than one half an acre each, averaged $175. Six have been disposed of at private sale, while several others are being negotiated for by citizens of Philadelphia. About 200 persons came from the city to the sale in a free excursion train, leaving there at 1:35 P. M. William Tomlinson was at the station in his omnibus, capable of holding fifty, to take the visitors to the lots and up to our borough, whey they saw and admired the beauty of its situation, and quiet comfort of its homes. Improvements will soon be commenced on the new purchases—many, by our own citizens.

Improved mail facilities again occupy the attention of our community, and appearances indicate that we may receive our mail, some time in the future, by the railroad, rather than the old fashioned stage coach, with only one mail from the city daily—and not that until 1 P. M.

A plowing match between the Syracuse chilled plow, and No. 10 Wiggins plow, was held on the farm of Jesse Darrah, on Monday. Opinion generally divided by the lookers-on; though it was conceded that the Syracuse run lighter, and seemed better adapted to broken ground.

Thomas H. Flowers, who has occupied a responsible position in the Custom House for many years, has resigned.

The meetings of The Emerson improve in interest and attendance. This week the question for discussion was: Resolved, That Foreign emigration was injurious to the country." An excellent journal, with an essay, recitations, a reading by our home elocutionist, Miss Lou Gillam, and vocal and instrumental music, made a pleasant programme.

Hulmeville and Vicinity.

At the Y. M. C. A., last Friday evening, the question, "The license laws relative to the sale of liquors," was pretty thoroughly discussed. E. G. Harrison opened the debate, Messrs. Tharp, Estell, Banks, Townsend, Griffith, and others, followed with spirited addresses. The attendance was very good. The literary exercises announced for this Friday evening, have been postponed one week later—Friday the 30th inst.

The same evening Prof. Hall gave a panoramic entertainment in the Public school. A large number of persons were in attendance. The proceeds go towards buying an organ for the school.

On Monday evening next, 26 inst., Mr. J. H. Knight, teacher of the grammar school, will open a night school for the benefit of those persons who cannot attend during the regular school session.

Quite a number of our people attended the temperance torch-light parade in Morrisville on Monday evening. The temperance club, in consequence of the absence of its members, did not meet till Tuesday evening.

The Executive Committee of the Hulmeville and Newportville N. C. T. U., have secured the services of Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, of Portland, Me., who will address a meeting on Friday evening, the 23d inst., in Johnson's Hall. It was through Capt. Sturdivant's labors in the Portland jail, that the great Temperance Reformer, Francis Murphy, was rescued and sent out to "Lift up the Fallen." It is to be hoped the people will turn out to hear him. A delegation from the Fallsington temperance club are making arrangements to come over.

Earl Parsons, who started West a short time ago, met with quite a serious accident soon after obtaining employment, by having his team to run away with him.

—At the rolling mill of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company, at Trenton, N. J., on Saturday, James Laverty went into the hole between a raising table and an upright frame, without being noticed, and the table was moved by the man in charge of the hydraulic apparatus. As Laverty noticed the table moving towards him, he called out, but it could not be stopped soon enough to save his life. He was slowly crushed to death.

—The Doylestown folks still groan because $5.00 per 1,000 feet is charged for gas in that borough. They ought to manage the thing the way the Brooklyn people did—refuse the gas, and take kindly to kerosene until the price is brought down to a reasonable figure.

—The Burlington (N. J.) people are not progressing very rapidly with their new water works. At the last meeting of Council the services of the engineer, Mr. Isaac S. Cassin, were dispensed with, the contract of the O'Neil pipe laying company never having been fulfilled.

—One of the holiday books from Jas. K. Osgood & Co., will be a new translation of Fritlhof's Saga, which has the indorsement of Mr. Longfellow, with illustrations by a Scandinavian artist who bears the significant title of A. Maelstrom.

—Trenton, N. J., has a colonization society which is working steadily for the purpose of forming a colony in Texas.

New Hope and Vicinity.

When shall we get the new Town Hall?

Business is dull—our merchants complain.

The Building Association held their monthly meeting last Thursday evening.

The Hon. Hiram Scarborough, of New Hope, who has been ill, is recovering his health.

George Milnor is engaged in a wholesale slaughter of hogs. Monday was a busy day for him.

The revival meetings of the Rev. Mr. DeWitt closed last Friday evening. He next goes to Muncy, Pa.

At the meeting of the Lambertville Reform Club on last Friday evening, Dr. Hayhurst of that city, delivered a stirring address.

George A. Cook, of New Hope, has a pair of fine spring pigs which he claims will weigh three hundred and fifty pounds dressed.

The Lambertville Iron Works have been awarded the contract for building two bridges in Hunterdon County,—one for $1,100 and one for $2,850.

The repairs on the section of the canal below New Hope are being rapidly pushed toward completion. They are expected to be finished within a few days.

Mr. John Finney, of Lambertville, has returned from his European trip, whither he had gone for business for the Lambertville Spoke Manufacturing Company.

New Hope wants a good lyceum. Other villages and hamlets all over the country are forming such societies. Let the literati of this place follow the example set.

At their last monthly meeting the Common Council passed an ordinance requiring property holders to clear the pavements of snow within twelve hours after its fall.

In the absence of Rev. B. H. Sanderlin, the pulpit of the M. E. Church was filled last Sabbath morning by Rev. William Clark, and in the evening by James Mullineaux.

A small dam has been placed in the canal for the purpose of keeping a supply of water in case of fire. This is a good thing for west of the canal, in the winter little or no water could be procured.

Charles Goslin, who was injured some time ago by the caving in of an embankment in a sand pit below New Hope, is about again, although he has not as yet resumed his duties as as watchman.

On last Wednesday afternoon a race between "Jail Bird," owned by J. M. Purdy, of Doylestown, and "Honest Ben," belonging to G. R. Gaddis, of New Hope, took place on the Delaware Valley Fair Grounds, and resulted in the winning of the former.

On Monday of last week, Mr. George M. Hart, of Lambertville, had one of his livery horses stolen. A young man who claimed to be from Trenton, N. J., hired the team to go to Centreville, Bucks county. He paid the hire before starting, and then took departure for Philadelphia, it was afterward ascertained. Mr. Hart, however, went to the city and recorded his property on Thursday.

Rev. P. A. Studdiford, D. D., delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Presbyterian Church, Lambertville, last Monday evening. His subject was: "From Philadelphia to Belfast; or, My Ocean Trip, and Ireland." The church was filled with an intelligent and highly respectable audience. The lecture was first-class. We understand that Dr. Studdiford will give another in a few weeks. Subject: "In and Around Edinburgh."

On last Thursday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, John O'Brien, watchman on the Delaware Division Canal, was drowned in the lower lock at New Hope. His lantern, dog and cane were seen on the tow path, and this led persons to search for him. The body was found fast in one of the wickets. It is supposed that he intended to measure the depth of the water and lost his balance, as a rake used for that purpose was found in the canal. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was largely attended.

—If the descriptions are not overdrawn, a remarkably convenient small steam engine has been invented in Philadelphia. It is an oscillating engine, attached to a tank holding about two gallons of water. The boiler is of about a quart capacity; the steam-chest half the size; the whole concern occupies a space of about ten inches square and eighteen high, and weighs 35 pounds. It is designed for use with any sort of light machinery, and is said to be suitable for a variety of domestic work. The details of the contrivance are not yet stated, but assurances are given that it cannot under any circumstances, explode; that it is as manageable as an ordinary gas burner, since the inventor has succeeded in dispensing with water and steam gauges and automatic floats, so that the whole apparatus is simple, and no skill is required to operate it. The kitchen of the future is expected to contain one of these engines, to chop hash, turn the coffee-mill and the roasting jack, sift ashes and mangle the family linen.

—Nicholas Pleimling, a notorious rough, has been arrested at Sparta, Wis., on suspicion of having murdered Mrs. Van Voorhees, whose body, with the bodies of her three children, was found in her burning dwelling at Wilton about three weeks ago. He had threatened violence to the deceased, and was seen near the house a short time before the discovery of the fire.

—The People's Savings Bank, at Newark, N. J., has suspended. It owes about $50,000 to depositors, but its assets are said to be sufficient, "if realized," to pay in full. The concern was started in 1871.

—Tramps are rapidly coming into town, not some in rags, and some in tags, but all in rags, drunken, hollow-eyed, empty-pocketed and desperate. We want a workhouse that will hold ten thousand of the worst of them.

—Mrs. Brooks, "butter artist," has been moulding at a Western Exposition a companion piece to her "Dreaming Iolanthe"—a man's head, called "The Coming Man."

—Senator McDonald, of Indiana, began his working life as a saddler; and Jesse D. Bright was once a laborer in a brick yard.

—There are over 100 peppermint stills in operation in Wayne county, N. Y., at the present time.

—General Grant will dine with M. Emile de Girardin on Nov. 27.

—There will be a rushin' to take turkey, next Thursday.

A noble lord, one of the canons at Windsor, who is good naturedly addicted to speaking to soldiers in a friendly manner, and not as though the wearer of a red coat were "food for powder" and nothing more, was naturally much gratified the other day when a guardsman said, genially, and without the least *mauvaise honte*, "I like you, my lord—there's nothing of the gentleman about you!"

It is related that as some friends of Campbell, the author of "Hohenlinden," were leaving his room after a late supper, one of the number had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed by the noise, opened the door and inquired, "What's that?" "Tis *I, sir*, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend.

The repeated assertions that William Tell was a myth have awakened the ire of the Swiss people, and at the instance of the Uri Government, M. Leonard Muller, a distinguished Swiss historian, has prepared a work in which he shows that Tell actually achieved the various feats of strength and expertness associated with his name.

Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who, rising from his chair, said with a conceited and confident air, "I would have you know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you indeed," replied the Dean; "then take my advice, and sit down again."

Alexander Dumas says of the situation in France that revolutionists are like street-sprinklers, and can make it muddy when it is sunshiny, but not sunshiny when it is muddy.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The leading attraction last week was the pedestrian feat of Miss Bertha Von Hillern, who, on Monday evening, started on a hundred mile walk to be completed on the course at Horticultural Hall within 28 hours. Miss Von Hillern is the picture of a Pennsylvania Dutch girl—a pleasant face, light hair, small figure, well-knit frame and with a general air of determination and pluck, which always augur success. She claims no special qualities of physical endurance and says that any woman who will carefully observe the laws of health may develope the same muscular strength. When her walk began she was attired in a suit of plain greyish cloth with the skirts short, and carried in her hand a small riding whip. She had several attendants who in order to save her all unnecessary steps, lifted her bodily from her carriage and conveyed her to the course, which extending around the hall was laid with sawdust and loam. This track was 31 inches wide and 293 feet, 4 inches in circumference, thus needing 18 circuits to complete one mile, or 1800 circuits for 100 miles. From seven o'clock Monday evening until nearly 11 o'clock Tuesday she walked almost without rest, making the 100 miles in a little over 25 hours. A large audience was assembled on both days and on Tuesday evening as the additional miles neared the promised 100, the excitement grew intense; the people swarmed to the railings and as the last circuit was reached, and she crossed the final score, the time-keeper was astonished to find on the face of the stop-watch: "11 minutes, 45 seconds," the fastest mile made. On the avarage, her time was about 14 minutes to the mile. She went immediately to her room and on being examined by her physicians, was found to be in perfect physical condition. She will next attempt to walk 145 miles in 50 consecutive hours, with only 2½ hours sleep.

Put not your trust in savings' banks, unless you know the managers. A most peculiar one has just come to grief in this city.

Two parties started a Savings' institution about a week ago in the lower part of the city, and distributed through the district very neatly printed circulars; starting off with the old proverb. "When the purse is full friends are plenty, but when the purse is empty our friends depart," the members of the firm in this circular hold out to the public great inducements for the purpose of obtaining deposits. Mr. John C. Walsh, a plumber, unfortunately for him—happened to get posession of one of these documents, and the following paragraph struck him as being rather liberal on the part of the "bankers:" "We open current accounts with all respectable trades-people and private parties without any limit as to amount, so that the party with $10 can have a banking account as well as his rich neighbor with $10,000. We supply our patrons with check-books, and (a thing which no other banking house in America is willing to do, though they could well afford it if they chose), we allow our friends an interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, payable monthly at our establishment, on the lowest current balance they have with us from month to month." This induced Mr. Walsh to deposit $98 with the defendants on last Wednesday, but with the understanding that he was to draw out the amount when he chose. It transpired that on the afternoon of the same day Mr. Walsh had occasion to use $60 of the money and he made out a check for this amount. The check he handed to Joseph S. Krogan, a druggist, and requested him to draw the money. When Mr. Krogan went to the bank he was informed by the defendant that the money could not be paid, as they had received it in accordance with the following, which the circular also contained:—"We receive money on deposits for not less than six months, and we require sixty days' notice in writing previous to withdrawal of same. We allow interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, and the interest is payable on the first of each and every month at our establishment.

The men were arrested, and as they had no license as bankers, were held to answer at Court. As 6 per cent is the legal interest in this State, the case is in every way a peculiar one.

A tragedy of a most peculiar nature shocked the community yesterday, the deed being nothing less than the deliberate murder of a woman by her husband while both were in church. At a little before noon as the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, was pronouncing the benediction which closed the morning service, the audience were startled by a pistol shot and a shriek from a woman "My God! I'm shot." In an instant all was consternation, the wounded woman sank back into the arms of those near her, and the man who attempting to escape was seized by two members of the church and handed over to the police authorities. The details of the occurrence appear to be as follows:—Mrs. Elizabeth Sayres, has for some two years been separated from her husband, Alex. Sayres. The wife has attended the Church of the Ascension for years. The cause of the separation was that about two years ago Sayres threw his wife down stairs at their residence at Sixth and Locust street, and broke her arm. She had him arrested for assault, being convicted he was sentenced to nine months imprisonment. The wifely heart relented, however at the expiration of one month, and at her solicitation he was pardoned, but she refused to live with him. Since that time he is stated to have given signs of insanity and much trouble to his friends. There are two sons of Sayres, aged sixteen and eighteen years, who cling to their stepmother, and declare, in positive terms, that the insanity was played by him whenever he got into trouble and an outbreak followed. He had been out of employment some time, and this probably had a depressing effect. Yesterday, while Mrs. Sayres was in the act of shaking hands with some friends, her husband, who was in the pew behind her, drew a pistol and shot her in the back, the ball entering near the spinal column, passing in a downward course, just escaping the apex of the heart, and lodging in the left lung. She fell into the arms of those about her, and was taken into the vestry-room, where Dr. Keys, who was present, examined the wound, and ordered her removal to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the probe failed to locate the lodgment of the ball. Dr. Keys states that the wound is fatal, as internal hemorrhage will cause death. The would-be murderer tried to escape, but was captured and locked up at the station-house. He is rather a fine looking man, but has a sullen appearance. His boarding mistress states that Sayres has complained of his head for some time, and appeared to be absent-minded. Dr. Keys says that the man is evidently insane.

Many readers may be interested in knowing the prices which blood horses are now bringing in this city. I will give the result of a sale at the Bazaar on Saturday, and will simply explain that the figures are not regarded as extravagantly high.

There were a number of trotters sold under the hammer, and some of them were reputed to be very fast movers. A very fine bay mare warranted sound and kind, single or double, and showing good points all around, brought only $65. A gray mare, stylish, seven years old, and catalogued as a fast walker, sold for $73. The auctioneer was much discomfited at the low figures bid, and announced Ned, a seven year-old bay, good speed, no record, who brought only $81. The best of the lot was one of those angular animals that are better than they look, a bay mare, nine years old, that had the reputation of having trotted to the pole in 2.45. She was started by the auctioneer at $200, but no one bid until $90 was reached, and then $50 was bid, and at that figure she went to a new owner. The above is a fair average.

C. W. F.

—The death of Julia Kavanagh, the writer, is announced. She is fifty-three years old.

Another County Bridge.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I have only lately been made acquainted with a project which is of considerable importance to the citizens of Bucks County.

Perhaps you can give your readers more particular and definite information in relation to it than I can; if so, you will confer a favor upon them by doing it without delay.

It is known that a new road was made a few years ago, running from Torresdale to the Neshaminy, a short distance south of the present turnpike; it is intended to build a bridge across the stream, and then open a road to connect with the present road, this side of the school house on the turnpike. Of course this will be attended with vast expense to the county.

Now the questions arises, is the road needed, and can the county bear the expense at the present time?

It is reported that a few property holders and other citizens are engaged in this enterprise in order to avoid the expense of crossing the bridge on the turnpike.

When efforts were made a short time since to make that bridge free, it is said the turnpike company offered to sell the bridge to the county for half its cost. If this be true, why not buy it, and thus avoid the additional expense of the project of a new road and a new bridge? Shall our citizens hear from you, or some one interested about this matters? S.

—Mrs. Frances Alexander, whose husband is a merchant in Mount-Clemens, Mich, eloped with a circus performer named Dale. The act astounded her friends, for she was educated and intelligent, and had previously behaved herself with propriety. She was beautiful, too, and in no way seemingly suited for the companionship of the fellow with whom she ran away. She accompanied Dale and the circus company to Ingersoll, Canada, where she killed herself with poison.

—An English switch tender was recently fined $50, and in default of payment sent to prison for two months, for being drunk whilst on duty near the Exchange station on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway.

—Miss Una Hawthorne never entirely recovered from the Roman fever from which she suffered in 1858. She wrote well, but never or rarely for publication.

—The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company are making preparations to lay a double track between Williamsport and Sunbury.

—Jefferson Davis and wife are visiting their son-in-law in Memphis.

☞ A pretty picture is a healthy looking and well cared for Baby. By the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup you can keep the health of your Baby in splendid condition. 25 cents a bottle.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

MARRIED.

SLACK—WELDING.—In Philadelphia, November 10, 1877, by Rev. J. Hetrick, Samuel A. Slack, of Dolington, to Miss Edith R. Welding, of the Province of Ontario, Canada.

OPDYKE—VAN DUSEN.—In Philadelphia, November 20th, 1877, at the residence of Henry Bumm, Esq., by Rev. Charles R. Bonnell, Stacy B. Opdyke, Jr., to Nellie F. Van Dusen.

DIED.

STOCKS.—In Bristol, November 19th, 1877, Rachel Stocks, in the 82d year of her age.

KNIGHT.—In Byberry, suddenly, November 13, 1877, CHARLES KNIGHT, aged 88 years.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday Evening, November 19, 1877.

Beef Cattle were in fair demand this week, but prices favor buyers. 2100 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6 a 6⅝c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 5¼ a 5⅞c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 5c. per pound gross for common, as to quality. Sheep were unchanged, and sold at 3¼ a 5⅛c. per pound gross, as to condition. Hogs were dull at 6 a 6⅛c. per pound as to quality.

Special Notices.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup for the cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver, without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of good blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed.

PURSELL'S
POROUS
PLASTERS.

BUMSTEAD'S
WORM
SYRUP.

SAND'S
EMULSION
COD LIVER OIL.
AT DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,
S. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Sts.,
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66

Hemorrhoids or Piles

Dr. Martin, 1107 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A permanent cure without knife, ligature or caustic; no charge until cured. Consultations free. Send for a circular containing references. 869

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side), Philadelphia.
977

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT
TO BUYERS!

We have now open and ready for sale, a very choice line of seasonable DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES, FLANNELS, UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, NOTIONS AND HOSIERY. Also, an Elegant Stock of DOMESTIC AND LINEN GOODS, which will be offered to buyers at such prices as will, we think, entirely satisfy the popular demand for low prices.

"We buy and sell for Cash."
"We buy as Cheap as we can."
"We sell as low as the lowest."
"Our stock is large and varied."
"Our Stores very accessible."

When next in the City please call and see the goods and the prices.

And Oblige

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

517 & 519 North Second Street, above Noble,

23 PHILADELPHIA.

NEARLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS

—IN—

DRY GOODS

—AT—

Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street,

TO BE SOLD AT POPULAR PRICES.

Twenty-eight Merchandise Departments fully stocked with
DRY GOODS,
COSTUMES,
COATS,
FANCY GOODS,
SHOES,
CHILDREN'S AND GENTS' CLOTHING,
HATS, &c.

Each section has been carefully filled with seasonable new goods.

Many of our goods are our own importation. Almost every steamer lately arriving at our port has brought us goods selected by our own European buyer.

Satisfaction in every instance guaranteed on all purchases.

Buyers can afford to come at least fifty miles from the country, as they will save by their purchases all their traveling expenses, and have the choice of the newest and freshest goods, with all the city stores to select from.

Consumers, in their purchases from us, generally have the goods direct from the manufacturers through our hands. We aim to be the agents for the manufacturers.

Improvements since last spring have been made in almost every department.

NOTE.—The latest things from the Paris Dressmakers, Worth and others, have just arrived. They are really exquisite in material, form and finish.

The ladies and those who have the family buying to do, will find it worth while to notice these few interesting items about some of the goods.

HINTS ABOUT BLACK SILKS.—So many goods offered now-a-days are weighted with lead and chemical substances, that great caution must be exercised in buying. We have taken exceeding great pains to get pure and good Silks for our customers.

We recently received an excellent bargain lot, which we are cutting at $1 per yard.

COLORED SILKS.

All the new Autumn Shades from best makers in this designed to blend properly with velvets.

The $1.25 grade is the cheapest yet offered.

VELVETS—Very few people are judges of these costly goods. If a good article is gotten, it wears for a life-time. Our Velvets were made for us from pure Italian Silk, and are superb, noble goods.

NOVELTIES IN EMBOSSED VELVETS.

The Blacks range in price from $1 to $15 per yard, and the colors are perfectly magnificent in

GARNETS, BROWNS,
MAROON, OLIVES,
MYRTLE, BLUES, &c.

MOURNING GOODS—Cashmeres of qualities that only very rich people need to buy, can now be had so low that purchasers cannot believe that they are good, but we can guarantee every piece we sell to be of standard and reliable qualities. There is no use for people to pay for a name or brand when equal qualities, that have been tested and can be fully guaranteed, are sold so much cheaper. Our 60 cent quality for Merinoes and Cashmeres is a decided bargain.

FRENCH AND BRITISH DRESS STUFFS—Snow Flakes, Damasses, Matalasse, Armures, and different fabrics of hundreds of designs to suit tasteful young ladies, grave matrons and plainest persons.

The most refined tastes will be gratified with the selection of our buyers.

Ask to see the 50 cent Merino we are selling.

CHILDREN'S COATS—Besides the 200 styles Ladies' Coats, every color, quality and shape, we have a beautiful assortment of Children's and Misses' Coats.

SHAWLS—Besides the very full line of 'INDIAS,' which are cheaper than ever before known, a careful inspection of our varied stock in Blankets, Chenille, Berlin Worsted, Himalayan and Children's Shawls, will convince all that this department is ready with a carefully selected stock.

Note—Our All-Wool Beaver Shawl at $3 is considered a decided bargain.

LINEN GOODS—We pride ourselves on the Linen Stock. Having imported largely of Tablecloths, Towellings, Napkins, Tea and Glass Cloths, we offer extraordinary goods in novelties of patterns and cheapness for quality.

The quarter-dollar Huck Towel is astonishingly cheap.

THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT FURNISHING HOUSES should see the Lace Curtains we imported from St. Gallen and Nottingham.—They are quite new in design, and at prices a long distance below the old charges for same articles. In this Department we are showing rare and beautiful Cretonnes, Terry, Reps, Plushes, Piano and Table Covers, gorgeously embroidered and most moderate in price.

RIBBONS—A full stock Fall and Winter shades to match the new shades in Silks and Dress Goods; Fancy Satin double-face Ribbons, in all widths; Roman and Fancy Plaid Sash Ribbons, full quality, at lower prices than usual. Think of all Silk Sash Ribbons at 29 cents per yard.

CLOAKINGS—We have the most elegant Matelasses, for Ladies' Coats, and Beavers of every grade. Our Woolen Goods, by the yard, are very cheap, as we are such large buyers of this class of goods. Scotch Plaid Cloakings at $1.36 per yard. The $1 Waterproofs are great bargains.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING — Besides Men's and Youths' Clothing, we have a special department for Little Suits and Children's Hats, and great attention is paid to this part of the business.

We have the latest New York and Philadelphia styles.

GLOVES—Just received, a very full line of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's French Cloth Gloves.

Our Kid Gloves embrace some of the best brands. Jouvin's first quality two buttons at $1.25. Full line of Men's one and two button Castor and Dog-skin Gloves, lined and unlined.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.—Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gents' Hosiery and Underwear in enormous assortment. Waller's full regular Balbriggan Hose at 31 cents are extremely cheap. Men's Shirts and Drawers at 50 cents, and for Boys at 40 cents.

BLANKETS—We offer at $5 a superb Blanket. For our special sales we had manufactured a grand article that will bear critical comparison with anything yet seen. All qualities of Blankets, up to $22 per pair.

MUSLINS AND FLANNELS—All makes, widths and weights, at the right prices. Not too much for one make and too little for another unknown, but good make and the right price for all, so that a child can safely buy.

SHALL BE PLEASED TO HAVE THE PEOPLE COME AND SEE THESE GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

13th Street, Philad'a.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, November 21, 5 P. M.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues quiet, the demand being confined to the local consumers. Choice grades of Spring and Winter Wheat, families, are scarce, and meet a steady demand at former prices. City Mills Extra Family, good, at $6 12½ a 6 25; do. do. choice, at $6 50; do. do. do., fancy, at $6 75; Pennsylvania do. do., medium, at $6 50; do. do. do., choice, at $6 75; do. do. do., fancy, at $7; Kentucky do do., Amber Wheat, at $6 75; do. do. do., very choice, at $6 85; Ohio do. do., good, at $6 75; Indiana do. do., at $6 50; do. do. do., very fancy, at $7 25; St. Louis, do. do., fair, at $6 62½, and Patent and other high grades at $8 a 8 75. Rye Flour is dull. Sales at $4 25. Corn Meal is quiet. We quote Brinton's and Brandywine at $3 10, f. o. b.

GRAIN.—Wheat was without essential change. Penna. Red at $1 40 a 1 44; Southern do., $1 40 a 1 44; Southern amber, $1 47 a 1 48; Western do., at $1 43 a 1 46; Pennsylvania do. at $1 46½, and Michigan white, $1 40; also, No. 2 Western red, in the elevator, at $1 43; Spring is nominal, at $1 32 for No. 2, and $1 35 for No. 1. Rye is unchanged, and ranges from 70c. for Western up to 73 a 75c. for Pennsylvania. Corn.—Old yellow and mixed are in small demand at unchanged prices, but mixed, old and new are neglected. Pennsylvania and Southern yellow, in the cars and elevator, at 66c.; do. mixed, out of condition, at 62 a 64c.; new sail, mixed, at 61c.; new white, at 52c.; rejected, mixed, at 50c. and cob corn at 45c. Oats meet a steady demand at full prices. No. 2 Western, at 37c.; Pennsylvania white at 38c; Western do., good and prime, at 38 a 40c., and Western mixed, at 36c.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week: Loads of Hay, 321; Straw, 94 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 89c. a 95c; Mixed, 70c. to 80c. Straw, 60c. a 75c. per 100 lbs.

SAUSAGE CHOPPERS
Of the Most Approved Make.

SAUSAGE STUFFERS, Lard Presses, Scoops, Measures, Trucks, Trays, Ladles, &c., &c., Cow Knobs and Cow Chains at
J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S,
Seed Store,
86 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.
Muskrat Steet and Rat Traps.

For Sale.

EIGHT ROOMED HOUSE, next to corner of Penn and Pond Street. Easy terms. Apply to F. P. CRICHTON,
97 Cedar, below Dorrance Street.

AARON R. TAYLOR
WILL COMMENCE
A Singing School,
IN THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Friday Evening, December 14th.

Terms: $2.50 for Thirteen Lessons. 96

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF
Personal Property.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1877, at the late residence of Hannah Harrison, deceased, in Cedar Street, the following Personal Property of the deceased: 25 yards new Brussels Carpet, Ingrain, Step and Entry Carpets, Old Clock, Spring Seat Sofa, 4 Spring Seat Walnut Chairs, 2 large Arm do., 3 Cane Seat do., Fancy Camp do., 2 Rocking do., 4 Windsor do., Looking Glasses, Tables, Stand, Bureaus, Wash Stands, Lounge, Bedsteads, Goose Feather Beds, Bolsters, Pillows, Bed Quilts, Blankets, Sheets, Bolster and Pillow Cases, Linen Mattresses, Window Curtains, Stoves, 5 large Silver Table Spoons, 12 Silver Tea Spoons, 2 Butter Knives, 1 share of Stock of Bristol Water Company, and 4 Pictures, with many other things not herein named.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M., when the conditions will be made known.

WILLIAM LARZELERE,
Executor of Hannah Harrison, deceased.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 94

BIRCH'S
New Opera House,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

GRAND
Dramatic Dedication,
FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY.
BRILLIANT INAUGURAL PERFORMANCE.
THANKSGIVING NIGHT,
Thursday Evening, Nov. 29, 1877,
When will be performed the famous tragic play of
"LUCRETIA BORGIA;"
OR, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.
And the Laughing Comicality of
"THE TOODLES."

Friday Evening, November 30th,
The Great Comedy Success of
"EVERYBODY'S FRIEND,"
And the side-splitting Farce of
"THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM."

Saturday Evening, December 1st,
LAST GRAND ENTERTAINMENT,
Will be enacted Morton's charming play of
"A HUSBAND TO ORDER,"
And the Roaring Farce of
"MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE."

☞ Tickets and Reserved Seats may be obtained at Shaw's Book Store, Main Street, Burlington, on and after November 19th. 95

The Annual Meeting
OF THE
Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association
Will be held in
FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE,
Corner Market and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
On Friday, November 23d,
At 3:15 in the afternoon, and 7:30 in the evening.
LUCY STONE,
MARY GREW,
ADA C. BOWLES,
LELIA E. PATRIDGE,
REV. Z. F. BOWLES,
And others, will speak.
The public invited. 88

Notice to Trespassers.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loafing on my premises a the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law.
JARED HELLINGS.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

From the Vineland Independent.

THE POETRY OF DRESS REFORM.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Shorten my skirts, mother, shorten my skirts,
I am fainting with weariness, dressing like flirts;
Never a step at my toil can I take,
But my strength trails away, and I gather some ache,

Never at dance, leisure stroll, or croquet
Can I move but these flounces are right in the way;
I can't hold them up and half work, play, or try,
O, shorten them, mother, or soon I must die!

O, never those tie-backs! they put me to shame,
For they mock ev'ry joint nature fixed in my frame,
They exhibit each muscle, and tell that I know it,
And that snobbish notice impels me to show it,
'Tis a great deal too bald, tho' about like the rest
Of the frauds cunning plotters on soft heads have prest.

I'm beginning to see how men too bear sad witness
That mothers entail: both the falsehood and sickness.

Away with my corsets dear mother, I pray—
Let my lungs await with life, my ribs healthfully sway;
Sick of pallor, paint, torture, remorse, and their train
I resolve from their causes and calls to refrain;
I've floundered in fetters and sunk beath their weight—
I've panted in grips that my spirit doth hate—
The fashions in sordid intrigue change and live,
Ah, mothers, no more joy and growth for them give!

So, shorten your skirts, mother, banish the bodice,
Have feet free as Diana's and forms like the goddess—
Stand by, go before us, all earth cravos this duty,
And we'll prove to prudes that God understands beauty.
Cosmetics go hence, bloom of health seeks your place,
Every type shall concede that both grandeur and grace
Can dwell with the woman who lives divine law,
Apparent in trousers, despite the old saw.

HELLER AND THE HACKMAN.

Rare Fun for a Company of Show People—John's Astonishment.

When Heller, the magician, arrived in this city on Friday last, he directed the hackman to drive him to the Parker House. Reaching the hotel, he stepped briskly up to the clerk's desk and was soon surrounded by a host of old friends including Dr. Tompkins of the Boston Theatre, Arthur Cheney, Henry O. Jarrett, Frank Chanfrau, and a dozen others. Amid the hearty greetings came a rough voice, which soon attract general attention.

It appears that the hackman hadn't been paid.

"What is it, my good friend; what are you yelling to me about?" demanded Mr. Heller.

"I wants me fare. I saw you skip away. Two dollars for you and the lady."

This answer created a laugh among the magician's friends.

"I know I paid you, you rascal," exclaimed Mr. Heller.

"Divil a cint."

"You put it in your hat. Hand it to me!" and to the consternation of John there was a bright, clean two-dollar note taken from the lining of his cady and held up to the gaze of the rapidly increasing crowd. Cabby stood transfixed with wonder.

"I am afraid of your future, my poor fellow, and advise you to alter your course," interposed Mr. Jarrel.

"Be virtuous and you'll be happy," was the advice of Mr. Cheney.

"This after all our boasted New England civilization and moral advancement!" added Mr. Chanfrau.

"If this thing should get abroad!" was Dr. Tompkins's alarming exclamation.

"Think of your wife and children. Repent ere it be too late," was the kindly-toned proposition of Mr. Heller.

"Look here, gentleman, this is all good enough, and yez luv me tanks. But may I never see a sixpence again but I wasn't paid, and that bill I niver saw before in all my born days. I didn't have a cint about me;" and the indignant hackman slapped his hands on his coat pockets.

"You have no other money on your person?" demanded Mr. Heller.

"No!" said the driver, unhesitatingly.

"What's this, and this, and this, and this?" inquired the magician, as he deliberately pulled a bank note first from the poor cabman's side coat pocket, then one from his coat cuff, another from his pantaloons' pocket, and another from a boot top. "My friend," continued Mr. Heller, in a voice softened by swelling emotions, the while the crowd moaned with excess of sorrow over the sad exhibition of human depravity "you are not yet lost, but you are on the brink of ruin. We all feel for you, don't we, gentlemen?" And great a came in response.

"Look here, me friends," cried the hackman, "this here thing's played out. I'm not the worst man in the warrld," when, to his utter horror the magician, interrupted him to take from his coat pockets, hat, trousers, and bootops not only greenbacks and plenty of silver coin, but pens, blotting paper, matches, blank cards, and the general invoice of stationary usually to be found on a hotel desk.

"Man, who are you, anyhow?" cried the poor fellow, as he crossed himself, and commenced to back out.

"Hawkshaw, the detective!" shouted Jarret, as he struck an attitude.

"My name is Norval," replied Mr. Heller.

"'Tis Clifford's voice, if ever Clifford spoke," added Mr. Cheney.

"I am thy father's spirit," groaned Mr. Chanfrau. And by this time the perturbed driver had reached the street, shouts of laughter falling on his ear, and with another surprise awaiting him. Mr. Heller had placed a $5 note in the man's vest pocket.—*Boston Traveller.*

A POEM'S STRANGE HISTORY.—The sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti have a strangely poetic history. Rossetti and Millais and Holman Hunt, with two or three other artists, were the first pre-Raphaelites, and intimate personal friends. It was some time after the movement now identified with their names began that Rossetti married the young woman who had served as his model—a beautiful girl of charming personal qualities—whose love had a sweet and inspiring influence over the poet painter. His friends naturally objected to the marriage, but ceased their opposition when they found how deep and sacred was his attachment to her. A dinner was arranged, at which Rossetti was to present his bride to his friends, but she was taken suddenly ill with neuralgia and was unable to be present, though she insisted on his meeting with them. When he returned he found her dead from the effects of chloroform taken to relieve her pain. It was almost a death blow to him, and in his dejection he gathered up his poems written under the influence of his love, and buried them with her, as part of her life, and too sacred for the world to see. Four years after, when time had softened his grief, Hunt and Millais prevailed on Rossetti to permit them to open her coffin and take out these manuscripts; and these friends found among them the sonnets and the exquisite piece entitled "A Portrait," which were published a year or two ago by Roberts Brothers. The poems are remarkable for delicacy and depth of sentiment, and a true insight of nature and experience. They gathe: new interest from having blossomed, as it were, out of a woman's life, and lain four years in a grave from which they were plucked by friendly hands.

A very absent-minded member of the French Institute was reading the newspapers in the casino at Dieppe t'other day. Engrossed by what he was reading, his left hand unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he pushed farther from him the pile of newspapers. Beyond them was an inkstand. Presently the inkstand went over the side of the table. It fell on the white trousers of a Paris banker, who naturally—put yourself in his place—was furious. The guilty party offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his brand new pantaloons were ruined. "But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them; be good enough to give me your card, and I will send the money to your hotel." "To my hotel! Sir, I don't know you. I must instantly have the 30 francs those pantaloons cost." The guilty party drew forth the 30 francs and paid them; then he said: "Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much of the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my pantaloons. You know those pantaloons are my property, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You had no confidence in me; I have none in you. My pantaloons!" In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered around the disputants said the member of the institute was right, and the banker, after sending a servant for another pair of pantaloons, surrendered the ink-stained amid the laughter of the bystanders. *Paris Correspondence New Orleans Picayune.*

STOPPING THE INTEREST.—Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by John and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another glass for himself he held it to the light and said:

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?"

"I think it is a fine specimen of old port."

"Now can you guess what it cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass."

"Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass he presented it again with the remark:

"Fill it up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

VISIT TO EMERSON.

Just outside the village of Concord, Mass., at the intersection of the old road to Boston with that to Lexington, is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It stands a little back from the road, and tall pines and firs before it give it an air of retirement well fitting the home of a philosopher.

The original house was built fifty years ago, and as it now stands is a large, square building, painted white and furnished with a generous supply of windows and chimneys. A few years ago it was badly damaged by fire; but while the owner was in Europe it was carefully restored by his friends, and a few improvements added, the only irreparable loss being some boxes of old sermons stowed away in the garret, which, having done good service in the hands of Puritan divines, now perished from an excess of the element they lacked before. A roomy barn stands near the house, and behind lies a little farm of nearly a dozen acres. The whole external appearance of the place suggests oldfashioned comfort and hospitality.

Within the house the flavor of antiquity is still more noticeable. Old pictures look down from the walls; quaint blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Just at the right as you enter is Mr. Emerson's library, a large square room, plainly furnished, but made pleasant by pictures and sunshine. The homely shelves which line the walls are well filled with books. There is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, and each binding seems to have soberly grown old in constant service. Mr. Emerson's study is a quiet room up stairs, and there each day he is steadily at work, despite advancing years.

Although one hardly realizes it, Mr. Emerson is getting to be an old man. Born in 1803, and a graduate of Harvard in 1821, he has seen the fatal asterisk set to the names of one after another of his classmates, until now few are left besides himself. He speaks of himself as a man whose work is nearly ended; but the only sign of failing power noticeable in conversation with him is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word, especially a proper name.

His wife, a sister of Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of anæsthetics and a rival claimant with Morse of the electro-magnetic telegraph, is a stately lady with beautiful snowy hair, and a dignified but gracious bearing. She is proud, and justly so, of her husband's genius and fame. One daughter lives at home, and devotes herself to care for the comfort of the family.

In college Mr. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar. He indulged his fondness for literature at the expense of lessons. As a classmate remarks, "He was one of the few who made the discovery that Shakespere was very entertaining reading." The Waverley novels were then coming out, and Scott's magic enchanted him as it did everybody. Each new volume was quickly purchased, and he, with a group of college friends all eager to enjoy it, would sit up far into the night taking turns at reading aloud, so that all might hear at once.

Oddly enough, philosophy was a study which he disliked and never excelled in. Mathematics, too, were a great stumbling block. The story is told by the best of authorities that only a few years ago he unwittingly cheated a poor Irishman, when paying him for some work, by calculating that seven times seven were twenty-seven, and the error was not detected until Pat, who had his doubts about the matter, consulted a neighbor and came back for a re-settlement.

There were fifty-nine in Mr. Emerson's class, and commencement parts were given to twenty-seven of them. Emerson stood high enough to have a share in a conference—a part usually given to the duller men; and, accordingly, he and two others confer on "On the Character of John Knox, William Penn, and John Wesley." After graduation he taught school with an older brother in Boston for some time before he entered the ministry.

We are wont to say that at such or such a time Mr. Emerson left the ministry. But is he not in the ministry still?—*Literary World.*

A CHAPTER ON SILK.

The two Greek monks who, hiding a handful of silkworms' eggs within the hollow of a cane, eluded the lynx-eyed officers of the Chinese custom-house, and robbed the Flowery Land of its most cherished monopoly, could hardly have known the immense weal or the bane which their evasion of the severe laws conferred upon the Roman Empire of the East. Previous to this age of pious smuggling, Europe, Persia, and even India, were dependent on the pigtailed producers of Kaidang for every pound of raw material. Pagan Rome, like Tyre or Persepolis, had to be content with such silk as the monsoons enabled Moormen and Gentoos to carry in their square sailed craft from the Yellow to the Red Sea. The small store of the silken seed which the Greek monks brought home proved fruitful exceedingly, and presently Constantinople, not Canton or Nankin, became the centre of the silk trade and the chief seat of what speedily rose to the dignity of a national industry. Thace and Hellis, the Ionian provinces of Asia Minor, and, above all, Cyprus and Syria, possessed a climate admirably suited to the new cultivation, and to the growth of the mulberry tree. They had, too, the advantage of a numerous population of gentle, patient workers well fitted to make the most of this novel source of wealth. For hundreds of years Byzantine silk was as well known in the marts of East and West as that of Lyons now. The inroads, of the Turk, and of barbarous invaders, Avar, Ogium and Bulgar, less known than the Turk, gradually dried up the well-springs of prosperity. Every year saw a lessening of the area of cultivation, a diminution in the number of buyers, as fertile lands were laid waste, and fair cities plundered, until at last the headquarters of silk production were in the Lebanon, out of reach, for awhile, of the Payanim robber. Silk, like tobacco, had to face what might be called the personal hatred of enemies who were in a position to give practical effect to their antipathy. The Gothic conquerers, such as Alaric, had taken to it kindly enough. But the fierce Attilla prescribed it, and the rulers of Islam denounced it with a Puritanic fervour of bitter contempt. The austere Caliph Abubekra ordered such Moslems as was strutting in silken garb—part of the "loot" of captured Greek towns—to be rolled ignominiously in the mire, as unworthy believers. Grim Omar's footstool was not to be approached by Emir of Kalmakam glistening in the effeminate robes from the Syrian loom. But fashion, as usual, got the better of sumptuary laws, and silk was soon in as high demand in Bagdad or Cairo, as ever it had been in Christian Antioch or Damascus. Singularly enough, sericulture was not an art which commended itself to the wealthy and industrious Italy of the Middle Ages, and that in the spite of the fact that Milan, Mantua and Florence supplied half of Christendom with holiday clothes. Lombard and Tuscan weavers looked to the Orient for silk, as they looked to England and Spain for wool. Mulberries were planted in Italy, as they were planted in France by some exceptionally far-sighted prince or statesman, but the systematic rearing of silk worms dates from a period more recent than that which saw the great city communes wealthy flourishing in their free splendor. As the spirit of business of the demand called into being fresh sources of supply, and as France grew larger and more powerful, the once imperial town of Lyons began to claim a silken precedence. From the earliest dawn of the Renaissance the silk manufacture had been with French Kings a petted industry. Shrewd, sordid Louis XI. tried to make Tours rival Pisa. Superb Francis I. desired that the Gallic shuttle, as well as the Gallic spear, should conquer the foreign competitor. And fine-trade being as undreamed of as the steam horse and the electric wire, the manufactures of aliens were very heavily handicapped by productive duties, while France learned to dress no longer in the Spanish or the Italian, but distinctively in the French style.

THE CUSTOM OF HIS COUNTRY.—A correspondent writes: "As we were all talking and thinking of Turkey and the Turks, I am reminded of an anecdote related to me by Belzoni, on Sirove Tuesday, 1823, at the Hotel Beauveau (still existing), at Marseilles, on the eve of his departure for his final and fatal expedition to Timbuctoo. As our conversation naturally turned upon the Carnival, whose exit was being celebrated by the usual masks and mummers under our windows, he told me that a few years before, at Lisbon, where the usual saturnalia were being indulged in, a mask in the gay crowd threw an orange at the carriage of the Turkish Ambassador, which struck him in the face: upon which the Ambassador, after a slight delay, proceeded to the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, to complain of the indignity thus publicly offered him. 'O,' said the Portuguese Minister, 'such is the custom of the country on these occasions, and I hope your Excellency will pardon it.' 'Be it so,' exclaimed the Turk; 'but I was about to add, when you interrupted me, that I immediately drew my pistol and shot the fellow dead, for that is the custom of our country; and I have no doubt, from the remark you have just made, that you will overlook it.'"

During a recent thunder-storm near Memphis, Tenn., a negro was severely kicked by a vicious mule, and just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule and killed him dead on the spot. "Well, dar!" exclaimed the negro, "ef dis chile hain't got powerful friends to 'venge his insults, den dere's no use trylin' to hab faith in anything!"

RICE MERINGUE.—One cupful rice; boil in one pint water; add one pint milk, yolks of three eggs, juice and grated rind of one lemon; sugar to taste; after baking beat whites of the eggs to stiff froth; add one cupful sugar; spread over the pudding and brown in the oven.

Miscellaneous.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
THE
Cheapest Store in Bucks County.

WE are constantly receiving immense quantities of goods of every description at prices which surprise our numerous customers, who wonder at their extreme cheapness. We are still selling a large paper of pins for 2 cents. The best Spool Cotton—Clark's, Coates' or Willimantic, for 6 cts.; calico, warranted fast colors, 6 cts. We have just received from auction an elegant assortment of feathers, beads and whips, which we are selling for 10 and 25 cents. We have all colors of turquoise for hats trimming, at 30, 40 and 50 cts per yard. Also velveteen and velvets at 40 cents yard.

The fashionable metal belts, so much worn, 20 cts. We guarantee to sell the cheapest embroidery to be found anywhere, 5 cts. yard, up to 8c. Who would not buy a pure linen handkerchief for 7 cts? Who ever heard of a real lace collar for 25 cts? We have a large lot purchased from an importer who suddenly became rich—("over the left"). We have also a good horse blanket for $1, and a splendid large size bed blanket for $1.25, an elegant quilt for $1.50. We almost give shoes away: child's shoes, 15, 20, 25 cts., up to 75 cts. Ladies—35, 65, 75 cts. up to $2 per pair. Gents' heavy brogans, $1; men's heavy boots $2.50 pair; boy's boots, $1.50 to $2; gents' fine hand made calf boots, $3.75; Congress Gaiters, $1.25, $1.40 and $1.50 a pair. Elegant tumblers 45 cts. dozen; splendid goblets 60 and 80 cents dozen; a good lamp for 25, 35 and 40 cts. complete; individuals salt cellars, 18 to 25 cents dozen, really worth 50 cents. A large and very cheap line of glassware and crockery. We defy any one to sell these goods as cheap as we do. Call in and see it before purchasing elsewhere.

We have first-class working pants, made to order, for $1.25—also, a good pair of pants for $1. We have a large stock of men's and boys' undershirts and drawers, which we are selling at lowest figures. A good undershirt 50 and 35 cts; a fine white undershirt 50 and 35 cts; a fine white undershirt, 40 cts; men's strong working shirts 40 and 45 cts; blue flannel shirts $1; overalls, knit jackets, suspenders, collars, linen piccadillys, 2 for 25 cts; neckties, ruffs, &c., very cheap. Men's hats, 50 cents to $1; gents' stiff felt hats, 75 cts. We are agents for the "Pearl" white shirt, warranted 3 ply linen bosom, and best muslin for $1, equal to any $2 shirt sold in other stores. We have a full and complete line of groceries at city prices. Black or green tea, 40 cts. lb; fine coffee 22 and 25 cts. lb; stove polish, 3 cts; soaps 3 and 4 cts; pepper 7 cts. qr; barley, 7 cts. lb; pure spices at lowest prices; wash blue 2 for 5 cts; washing crystal 2 for 5 cts; new mackerel, 85 cts. per dozen; dark syrup molasses 30 cts. gallon; sugars always the lowest; hams at wholesale prices; Germantown wool 10 cts. oz; zephyr 14 cts. oz.

We cannot be undersold, our facilities and connections are so great, and we are so well posted that we defy any one in Bucks county, or any other county, to buy and sell as cheap as we do. All those who travel to the city to make purchases are making a grand mistake. They lose their time, fare and expenses for nothing, for we guarantee to sell on the average cheaper than the city stores. Do not forget the cheapest Store in Bucks county, 68 Mill street, corner Mill and Wood, Bristol. J. H. WOOD.

Wholesale agent for compressed Vienna Yeast.
Philadelphia office, No. 6 Strawberry Street

Pennsylvania Railroad.
NEW YORK DIVISION.
On and after November 12, 1877,
Trains to and from Bristol Station
For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 4:11, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 8:00, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:16, 3:11, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 7:58, 9:21, 11:00, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:00 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:59, 8:17, P. M.
The 7.58, 11.00, 11.47, A. M., 2.59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A.M., 12:00 M., 1:05, 2:50, 3:45, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, and 9:14 P. M.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 9:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.
From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 3:55, and 6:55 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg Pittsburg and the West, at 8:00, A. M., and 12.55 6.35, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.30 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr. Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARRIE, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.
60

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMBOAT
Edwin Forrest
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Tacresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st wharf	Leave South Trenton.
Thursday, 22, 12½ P. M.	Thursday, 22, 4½ P.M.
Friday, 23, 1 P. M.	Friday, 23, 5 P.M.
Saturday, 24, 1½ P. M.	Saturday, 24, 5½ P.M.
Monday, 26, 2½ P. M.	Monday, Don't return.
Tuesday, 27, 2½ P. M.	Tuesday, 27, 8 A.M.
Wednesday, Don't return.	Wednesday, 28, 8½ A.M.
Thursday, 29, 12½ A. M.	Thursday, 29, 11½ A M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts. All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 755

STEAMER TWILIGHT.
ON and after TUESDAY, NOV. 5th, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 12 M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 3 o'clock P. M. and Bristol at 3½ o'clock, stopping at all the above landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 766

Daily Excursions.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA
Will leave Bristol at 7.30 A. M., for Philadelphia, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c. 263

ROOFS.
Tin, Slate, Rubber, Felt laid and guaranteed.
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
SLATE PAINT,
For Repairing Roofs, Painting Sheds, Shed Roofs, Roofs, Back Fences, Damp Walls. For Tin Roofs has no equal, being free from the chemicals of mixtures used for this purpose, and costing but 80 Cents per gallon. It is GOOD AND CHEAP.
MANTELS.
Most Beautiful Designs and Colors done in imitation of all the choice Foreign and American Marbles. With a finish equal in lustre to a mirror, are not susceptible to stains from smoke, coal gas, acids, liquors, &c. Prices, $15, $20, $30 and upward. Book of Design free upon application.
WHITE LEAD, OILS, COLORS, GLASS, &c.
For particulars call, send or write to
GLINES & BARTLETT,
255 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Or W. H. PANSON, Bristol, Pa. 3

"Things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other."
BUT NO ONE THING HAS YET BEEN INVENTED TO EQUAL THE NEW
SYRACUSE
CHILLED PLOW,
On the following points:
1. Durability.
2. Will clean in any soil superior to the best tempered Steel Plows.
3. Like superiority over any Cast Iron Plow, and a draft twenty-five per cent. less.
4. At a price less than that of any Steel Plow, or any other Plow which is really a Chilled Plow.
5. Leaving the soil in a better condition than any Plow in use.
6. That no farmer can afford to plow his soil without one. If you want to see it work, drop me a line.
L. L. WHITE,
887 Yardleyville, Pa.

LUTHER BOYCE,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON
MAKER,
MORRISVILLE, PA.
PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., promptly attended to at the shortest notice. Repairing neatly done.

"THE NEW HOME" is the best
Lock stitch Sewing Machine ever made.
It has remarkable selling points and not one fault.
Extraordinary inducements offered to Agents.
Send for Illustrated price list.
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THE largest stock in Bucks County. Call and examine and be convinced. Our prices are low. Price lists on application.
WILLIAM H. MOON,
62 Morrisville, Pa.

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NOTICE is hereby given that all persons are forbid trespassing and loading on my premises at the Bath Springs, or they will be dealt with according to law. JARED HELLINGS.
846

FRANK P. ADAMS,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
No. 10 Wood Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

Bristol.

MEN'S CLOTHING.
BOY'S CLOTHING.
New Goods.
New Styles.
H. J. LUEB'S,
32 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
HATS AND CAPS.
38

MRS. L. A. CARR,
No. 69 Bath Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
DRESS MAKER.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS made in the latest styles and best manner, at the lowest rates.
CUTTING AND FITTING at the shortest notice.
Underwear and Machine Stitching.
N. B.—Tailoring in all its branches.
Boys' Suits cut and made reasonably. 49

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JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF
FRENCH GLASS
For Covering Pictures.
Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher in price than common American.
Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches.
83 J. H. BOSTWICK.

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PIANOS,
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The Mason & Hamlin Organs.
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A complete stock of VIOLIN STRINGS. Best Italian Strings, $1 per set, sent by mail on receipt of price. Also Musical Publications of all kinds, Sheet Music, Books, etc.
Singer Improved Sewing Machines
For sale—down to $35. Call and see them. 74

4
First Class Articles
FOR SALE.
CALL AND EXAMINE!
The Universe Cooking Stove.
The Windsor Coffee Pot.
The Blanchard Churn.
And Pure Paint, mixed for immediate use.
J. S. THOMAS, Hardware Store.
78 Mill Street, Bristol.

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 80

F. B. BURKE,
Corner Dorrance and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
Trimmings, Notions, &c.
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
FRUITS AND CONFECTIONS.
TEAS, COFFEE AND SPICES,
Of the best quality.
Country custom solicited. 56

This is an Odd Fish!
BUT NOT THE KIND KEPT BY
SAMUEL C. BRUDON,
WHO is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Fish in season, ready cleaned, without extra cost, and at the same price as is charged elsewhere with the scales on. Also PRIME OYSTERS received daily. Call and see him at the Town Hall. 75

POMONA NURSERY. Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines and Plants.
BEST STRAWBERRIES, nine inches around; Great American, Beauty, Cap Rock, and Crescent Seedling.
BEST RASPBERRIES, three inches around; Pride of the Hudson, Hansfield, Early Prolific, Reliance, and Susquehanna.
TEN ACRES yielded $1,258.
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A Descriptive Word-Book of Tools, Instruments, Machines, Chemical and Mechanical Processes; Civil, Mechanical, Railway, Hydraulic, and Military Engineering; A History of Inventions; General Technological Vocabulary, and Digest of Mechanical Appliances in Science and the Industrial and Fine Arts.
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The completion of Knight's "American Mechanical Dictionary" is an event in the annals of literature in this country, as it marks the substantial completion of a great and elaborate undertaking, the labor on which has extended over a period of eight years. It is difficult to realize how colossal is the task involved in the preparation of a work of this description. Thousands of patents, American and foreign, have been digested, industrial processes of every nature have been examined, and the latest improvements therein noted. Engineering works, scientific discoveries, and tools of every craft have been studied; and finally all this immense collection, gathered from the whole field of applied science, has been subjected to careful revision and condensation, and, by means of ingeniously contrived systems of indexing, rendered invaluable for purposes of reference and research. Add to this the labors of artist and engraver, and there is little food for marvel that the work has cost $100,000; that it treats of 20,000 subjects; contains 7,400 engravings, and that its three volumes include 2,800 pages. It is more an encyclopedia than a dictionary; it is, in fact, a mechanical and scientific library, carried up to the latest dates. A just estimate of the comprehensive nature of the work, and its importance to inventors, engineers, and artisans of every class and in all libraries, can only be gained by careful examination of the volumes themselves.
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FALL AND WINTER STYLES,
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THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL COOKING STOVE IN THE MARKET.
This stove is entirely different in the principle of combustion from all others.
It has a continuous hot draft over the fire which ignites and consumes the escaping gases and smoke. This increases the heat, and is a great saving of fuel. It is a self-feeder. The coal comes down to the fire in a heated state, and keeps a continuous fire, which enables you to bake or cook all day, without putting coal on the fire and waiting for it to re-kindle. If the fire is not needed the fire slides can be closed, and draft shut off. You can then go out in the morning and come back at supper time and find a good fire.
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These Stoves are receiving the best of recommendations from those who are using them and if used according to directions will speak for themselves wherever they are introduced.
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Also for sale at factory prices, at the Hardware Store of J. S. THOMAS, 47 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

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MRS. R. SWAIN,
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I WOULD invite the attention of the ladies of Bristol and vicinity to my large and choice selection of Millinery Goods, comprising in part, Velvets, Satins, Silk in all qualities and colors; Satin and Gro Grain Ribbons; Felt Hats and Bonnets in all qualities and colors; Ostrich Tips and Long Feathers and Flowers, Boys Hats. Also a very pretty line of hand knit Hats and Caps for infants; Sacques, Hoods, Nubias. These goods are all marked as low as they can be bought in the city. With thanks for past favors, I solicit a continuance of patronage. MRS. R. SWAIN.
61

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OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS AUCTIONEER for the sale of Real and Personal Property to the citizens of Bucks County. Having considerable experience he is satisfied that he can give general satisfaction. CHARLES LOVETT,
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Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.
TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH
Bartlett and Seckel
Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.
We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Silver Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be